THE TRAGEDIE OF CHABOT ADMIRALL OF FRANCE.

As it vvas presented by her Majesties Servants, at the private House in *Drury* Lane.

Written by *George Chapman*, and *James Shirley*.

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1639.

Speakers.

A Sall.
Allegre.
King.

Queene.
Treasuror.
Chancellor.
Admirall.
Father.
Generall.
Chabot.
Iudges.
Officers.
Secretary.
Vshers.
Constable.
Courtiers.
Porter.
Guard.

THE TRAGEDIE OF PHILIP CHABOT, ADMIRALL of FRANCE.

Actus Primus.

Enter Asall, and Allegre.

Asall.

NOw *Phillip Chabot*, Admirall of *France*,
The great, and onely famous Favorite
To *Francis* first of that Imperiall name,
Hath found a freſh competitor in glory,
(Duke *Montmorancie*, Conſtable of *France*)
Who drinkes as deepe as he of the ſtreame Royall,
And may in little time convert the ſtrength
To raiſe his ſpring, and blow the others fall.

Al. The world would wiſh it ſo, that will not patiently
Endure the due riſe of a vertuous man,

As. If he be vertuous, what is the reaſon
That men affect him not, why is he loſt

Toth' generall opinion, and become
Rather their hate than love?
Al. I wonder you
Will question it, aske a ground or reason
Of men bred in this vile degenerate age;
The most men are not good, and it agrees not
With impious natures to allow whats honest,
Tis an offence enough to be exalted
To regall favours, great men are not safe
In their owne vice, where good men by the hand
Of Kings are planted to survey their workings;
What man was ever fixt 'ith Sphere of honour,
And precious to his Soveraigne, whose actions,
Nay very soule was not expos'd to every
Common and base dissection? and not onely
That which in Nature hath excuse, and in
Themselves is privileg'd by name of frailtie,
But even Vertues are made crimes, and doom'd
Toth' fate of Treason.
As. A bad age the while,
I aske your pardon Sir, but thinkes your judgement,
His love to Justice, and Corruptions hate
Are true and hearty?
Al. Iudge your selfe by this
One argument, his hearty truth to all,
For in the heart hath anger his wisest seate,
And gainst unjust suites such brave anger fires him,
That when they seeke to passe his place and power,
Though mov'd, and urg'd by the other minion,
Or by his greatest friends, and even the King
Leade them to his allowance with his hand,
First given in Bill, assign'd, even then his spirit,
(In nature calme as any Summers evening)
Puts up his Whole powers like a Winters sea,
His bloud boyles over, and his heart even cracks
At the injustice, and he teares the Bill,
And would doe, were he for't to be torne in peeces.
As. Tis brave I sweare.

Al. Nay it is worthy your wonder
That I must tell you further, theres no Needle
In a Sunne Diall plac'd upon his steele
In such a tender posture, that doth tremble
The timely Diall being held amisse,
And will shake ever, till you hold it right
More tender than himselfe in any thing
That he concludes in Iustice for the State:
For as a fever held him, hee will shake
When he is signing any things of weight,
Least humane frailty should misguide his justice.

Ast. You have declar'd him a most noble Iusticer.

Al. He truely weighes and feeles Sir, what a charge
The subjects livings are (being even their lives
Laid on the hand of power,) which abus'd
Though seene, blood flownot from the justice seate,
Tis in true sence as grievous, and horrid.

Ast. It argues nothing lesse, but since your Lord
Is diversly reported for his parts,
Whats your true censure of his generall worth,
Vertue and Iudgement.

Al. As of a Picture wrought to opticke reason,
That to all passers by, seemes as they move
Now woman, now a Monster, now a Divell,
And till you stand, and in a right line view it,
You cannot well judge what the maine forme is,
So men that view him but in vulgar passes
Casting but laterall, or partiall glances,
At what he is, suppose him weake, unjust,
Bloody, and monstrous, but stand free and fast,
And judge him by no more than what you know
Ingenuously, and by the right laid line
Of truth, he truely, will all stiles deserve
Of wise, just, good, a man both soule and nerve.

Ast. Sir, I must joyne in just beleefe with you,
But whats his rivall the Lord high Constable?

Al. As just, and well inclin'd when hee's himselfe,
(Not wrought on with the counsells, and opinions

Of other men) and the maine difference is,
The Admirall is not flexible nor wonne
To move one ſcruple, when he comprehends
The honeſt tract and juſtneſſe of a cauſe,
The Conſtable explores not ſo ſincerely
The courſe hee runnes, but takes the minde of others
(By name Iudiciall) for what his owne
Iudgement, and knowledge ſhould conclude.
Af. A fault
In my apprehenſion, anothers knowledge
Applied to my inſtruction, cannot equall
My owne ſoules knowledge, how to informe Acts;
The Sunnes rich radiance ſhot through waves moſt faire,
Is but a ſhaddow to his beames ith' ayre,
His beames that in the ayre we ſo admire,
Is but a darkeneſſe to his flame in fire,
In fire his fervour but as vapour flies
To what his owne pure boſome rarifies:
And the Almighty wiſedom, having given
Each man within himſelfe an apter light
To guide his acts, than any light without him
(Creating nothing not in all things equall)
It ſeemes a fault in any that depend
On others knowledge, and exile their owne.
Al. Tis nobly argued, and exemplified,
But now I heare my Lord, and his young rivall
Are to be reconcil'd, and then one light
May ſerve to guide them both.
Af. I wiſh it may, the King being made firſt mover
To forme their reconcilement, and enflame it
With all the ſweetneſſe of his praiſe and honour.
Al. See, tis diſpatch'd I hope, the King doth grace it.

Loud Muſicke, and Enter Vſhers before, the Secretary, Treſuror, Chancellor, Admirall, Conſtable hand in hand, the King following, others attend.

Kin. This doth expreſſe the nobleſt fruit of peace.
Cha. Which when the great begin, the humble end
In joyfull imitation, all combining

A gardian beyond the *Phrigian* knot
Paſt wit to loſe it, or the ſword, be ſtill ſo.
Tre. Tis certaine Sir, by concord leaſt things grow
Moſt great, and flouriſhing like trees that wrap
Their forehead in the skies, may theſe doe ſo,
Kin. You heare my Lord, all that is ſpoke contends
To celebrate with pious vote the attonement
So lately, and ſo nobly made betweene you.
Ad. Which for it ſelfe Sir, reſolve to keepe
Pure, and inviolable, needing none
To encourage or confirme it, but my owne
Love and allegiance to your ſacred counſell.
Kin. Tis good, and pleaſes, like my deareſt health,
Stand you firme on that ſweete ſimplicitie.
Con. Paſt all earth pollicie that would infringe it.
Kin. Tis well, and anſwers all the doubts ſuſpected,
Enter one that whiſpers with the Admirall.
And what moves this cloſe meſſage *Phillip*?
Adm. My wives Father Sir, is cloſely come to Court.
King. Is he come to the Court, whoſe averſation
So much affects him, that he ſhunnes and flies it,
What's the ſtrange reaſon that he will not riſe
Above the middle region he was borne in?
Adm. He ſaith Sir, tis becauſe the extreamē of height
Makes a man leſſe ſeeme to the imperfect eye
Then he is truely, his acts envied more,
And though he nothing cares for ſeeming, ſo
His being juſt ſtand firme twixt heaven and him,
Yet ſince in his ſoules jealouſie, hee feares
That he himſelfē advanced, would undervalue
Men placed beneath him, and their buſineſſe with him,
Since height of place oft dazles height of judgement,
He takes his toppe-ſaile downe in ſuch rough ſtormes,
And apts his ſailes to ayres more temperate.
Kin. A moſt wiſe ſoule he has, how long ſhall Kings not
Raiſe men that are not wiſe till they be high?
You haue our leave, but tell him *Phillip* wee
Would have him neerer.

Con. Your desires attend you.

Enter another.

Kin. We know from whence you come, say to the Queene,
We were comming to her, tis a day of love
And she seales all perfection. *Exit*

Tre. My Lord,
We must beseech your stay.

Con. My stay?

Cha. Our Counsells
Have led you thus farre to your reconcilement,
And must remember you, to observe the end
At which in plaine I told you then wee aim'd at,
You know we all urg'd the attonement, rather
To enforce the broader difference betweene you,
Then to conclude your friendshippe, which wise men
Know to be fashionable, and priviledg'd pollicie,
And will succeede betwixt you, and the Admirall
As sure as fate, if you please to get sign'd
A sute now to the King with all our hands,
Which will so much increase his precise justice,
That weighing not circumstances of politicke State,
He will instantly oppose it, and complaine,
And urge in passion, what the King will sooner
Punish than yeeld too, and so render you
In the Kings frowne on him, the onely darling,
And mediate power of *France*.

Con. My good Lord Chancellor,
Shall I so late attond, and by the Kings
Hearty and earnest motion, fall in peeces?

Cha. Tis he, not you that breake.

Tre. Ha not you patience
To let him burne himselfe in the Kings flame?

Cha. Come, be not Sir infected with a spice
Of that too servile equitie, that renders
Men free borne slaves, and rid with bits like horses,
When you must know my Lord, that even in nature
A man is *Animall politicum*,
So that when he informes his actions simply

He does in both 'gainſt pollicie and nature,
And therefore our ſoule motion is affirm'd
To be like heavenly natures circuit,
And orbes being cal'd ambitious fires,
We muſt like them become ambitious ever,
And endles in our circumventions,
No tough hides limiting our cheverill mindes.

Tre. Tis learnedly, and paſt all anſwer argued,
Yare great, and muſt grow greater ſtill, and greater,
And not be like a dull and ſtanding lake,
That ſettles, putrifies, and chokes with muddie,
But like a river guſhing from the head,
That windes through the undervalles, what checkes are flow-
Gets ſtrength ſtill of his courſe,
Till with the Ocean meeting, even with him
In ſway, and title, his brave billowes move.

Con. You ſpeake a large affection, and high ſoule,
But give me leave great Lords, (till my juſt thankes
Remembred for your counſell and direction,
I ſeeking this way to confirme my ſelfe
I undermine the columnes that ſupport
My hopefull glorious fortune, and at once
Provoke the tempeſt, though did drowne my envie,
With what aſſurance ſhall the King expect
My faith to him, that breake it for another,
He has engag'd our peace, and my revenge
Forfits my truſt with him, whoſe narrow ſight
Will penetrate through all our miſts, could we
Vaile our deſigne with clouds blacker than night,
But grant this danger over, with what Iuſtice,
Or ſatisfaction to the inward Iudge,
Shall I be guiltie of this good mans ruine,
Though I may ſtill the murmuring tongues without me,
Loud conſcience has a voyce to ſhudder greatneſſe.

Secr. A name to fright, and terrifie young ſtarts,
There is neceſſitie my Lord, that you
Muſt loſe your light, if you eccliple not him,
Two ſtarres ſo Lucide cannot ſhine at once

In such a firmament, and better you
Extinguish his fires, then be made his fuell,
And in your ashes give his flame a Trophy.
Cha. My Lord, the league that you have vow'd of friendship,
In a true understanding not confines you,
But makes you boundlesse, turne not edge at such
A liberty, but looke to your owne fortune;
Secure your honour, a Precisian,
In state, is a ridiculous miracle.
Friendship is but a visor, beneath which
A wise man laughes to see whole families
Ruinde, upon whose miserable pile
He mounts to glory, Sir you must resolve
To use any advantage.
Con. Misery
Of rising Statesmen I must on, I see
That 'gainst the politicke, and privileg'd fashion,
All justice tasts but affectation.
Cha. Why so we shall do good on him i'th end. *Exeunt.*

Enter Father and the Admirall.

Adm. You are most welcome.
Fa. I wish your Lordships safetie,
Which whilst I pray for, I must not forget
To urge agen the waves to fixe you where
No danger has accesse to threaten you.
Adm. Still your old argument, I owe your love for't.
Fa. But fortified with new and pregnant reasons,
That you should leave the Court.
Ad. I dare not Sir.
Fa. You dare be undone then.
Ad. I should be ingratefull
To such a master, as no subject bosted
To leave his service when they exact
My chiefest dutie, and attendance Sir.
Fa. Would thou wert lesse degraded from thy titles,
And swelling offices, that will i'th' end
Engulfe thee past a refcue, I had not come
So farre to trouble you at this time, but that
I doe not like the loud tongues o'the world,

That

That say the King has tane another favorite,
The Constable a gay man, and a great,
With a hugh traine of faction too, the Queene,
Chancellor, Treasurer, Secretary, and
An army of state warryers, whose discipline
Is sure, and subtile to confusion,
I hope the rumour's false, thou art so calme.

Adm. Report has not abus'd you Sir,

Fa. It has not,
And you are pleas'd, then you doe meane so, mixe
With unjuste courses, the great Constable
And you combining, that no suite may passe
One of the grapples of your eithers rape,
I that abhorr'd, must I now entertaine
A thought, that your so straight, and simple calome
To render Iustice, and the common good,
Should now be patch'd with pollicy, and wrested
From the ingenious step you tooke,
And hang
Vpon the shoulders of your enemy
To beare you out in what you shame to act?

Adm. Sir, We both are reconciled.

Fa. It followes then that both the acts must beare
Like reconcilement, and if hee will now
Maligne and mallice you for crossing him,
Or any of his faction in their suites,
Being now atton'd, you must be one in all,
One in corruption, and twixt you two millstones
New pickt, and put together, must the graine
Of good mens needfull meanes to live, be ground
Into your choking superfluities;
You both too rich, they ruinde.

Adm. I conceive Sir
Wee both may be enrich'd, and raise our fortunes
Even with our places in our Soveraignes favour:
Though past the height of others, yet within
The rules of Law and Iustice, and approved
Our actions white and innocent,

Fa. I doubt it
While inforc'd shew perhaps, which will I feare
Prove in true substance but a Millers whitenesse,
More sticking in your clothes then conscience.
Adm. Your censure herein tells some passion Sir,
And I beseech you nourish better thoughts,
Then to imagine that the Kings meere grace
Sustaines such prejudice by those it honours,
That of necessitie we must pervert it
With passionate enemies, and ambitious boundlesse
Avarice, and every licence incident
To fortunate greatnesse, and that all abuse it
For the most impious avarice of some.
Fa. As if the totall summe of favorites frailties
Affected not the full rule of their Kings
In their owne partially disposed ambitions,
And that Kings doe no hazard infinitely
In their free realties of rights and honours,
Where they leave much for favourites powers to order.
Adm. But wee have such a master of our King
In the Imperiall art, that no power flies
Out of his favour, but his policie ties
A crianes tie to, to continue it still,
And for the reconcilement of us Sir,
Never were two in favour, that were more,
One in all love of Iustice, and true honour,
Though in the act and procedition
Perhaps we differ. Howsoever yet
One beame us both creating, what should let
That both our soules should both one mettle beare,
And that one stampe, one word, one character.
Fa. I could almost be won to be a Courtier,
Theres some thing more in's composition,
Then ever yet was favourites.

Enter a Courtier.

Whats hee?
Cour. I bring your Lordship a sign'd bill, to have
The addition of your honor'd hand, the counsell

Have

Have all before subscribed, and full prepar'd it.

Ad. It seemes then they have weigh'd the importence of it,
And know the grant is just.

Cour. No doubt my Lord,
Or else they take therein the Constables word,
It being his suite, and his power having wrought
The King already to appose his hand.

Adm. I doe not like this working of the King,
For if it be a suite made knowne to him,
And fit to passe, he wrought himselfe to it,
However my hand goes to no such grant,
But first I'le know and censure it my selfe.

Cour. A he, if thou best goddesse at contention
That *Iove* tooke by the haire, and hurl'd from heaven
Assume in earth thy empire, and this bill
Thy firebrand make to turne his love, thus tempted
Into a hate, as horrid as thy furies.

Adm. Does this beare title of his Lordships suite?

Cour. It does my Lord, and therefore he beseech'd
The rather your dispatch.

Adm. No thoughe the rather,
But now the rather all powers against it,
The suite being most injust, and he pretending
In all his actions justice, on the sudden
After his so late vow not to violate it,
Is strange and vile, and if the King himselfe
Should owne and urge it, I would stay and crosse it,
For tis within the free power of my office,
And I should straine his kingdome if I past it,
I see their poore attempts, and giddy malice,
Is this the reconcilement that so lately
He vow'd in sacred witnesse of the King?
Assuring me, he never more would offer
To passe a suite unjust, which I well know
This is, above all, and have often beene urg'd
To give it passage, be you Sir the Judge.

Fa. I wonot meddle
With any thing of state, you knew long since,

Adm. Yet you may heare it Sir.
Fa. You wonot urge
My opinion then, go to.
Adm. An honeſt merchant
Preſuming on our league of *France* with *Spaine*,
Brought into *Spaine* a wealthy ſhip, to vent
Her fit commodities to ſerve the country,
Which, in the place of ſuffering their ſaile
Were ſeas'd to recompence a *Spaniſh* ſhip
Priz'd by a *French man*, ere the league was made,
No ſuites, no letters of our Kings could gaine
Our merchants firſt right in it, but his letters
Vnreverently received, the Kings ſelfe candall,
Beſide the leagues breach, and the foule injuſtice
Done to our honeſt merchant, who endured all,
Till ſome ſmall time ſince (authoris'd by our counſell,
Though not in open Court.) he made a ſhip out,
And to&ke a *Spaniard*, brings all home, and ſues
To gaine his full prov'd loſſe, full recompence
Of his juſt prize, his prize is ſtaid and ſeaz'd
Yet for the Kings diſpoſure, and the *Spaniard*
Makes ſuite to be reſtor'd her, which this bill
Would fayne get granted, fayning (as they hop'd)
With my allowance, and way given to make
Our Countrey mans in *Spaine* their abſolute prize.
Fa. I were abſolute injuſtice.
Adm. Should I paſſe it.
Fa. Paſſe life, and ſtate before.
Adm. If this would ſeeme
His Lordſhips ſuite, his love to me, and juſtice
Including plots upon me, while my ſimpleneſſe
Is ſeriouſly vow'd to reconcilement;
Love him good vulgars, and abhorre me ſtill,
For if I court your flatterie with my crimes,
Heavens love before me fly, till in my tombe
I ſticke purſuing it, and for this bill,
Thus ſay twas ſhiver'd, bleſſe us equall heaven! *Exit.*
Fa. This could I cheriſh, now above his loſſe,

You

You may report as much, the bill discharg'd Sir. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter King and Queen, Secretary with the Torne bill.

Kin. IS it ene so.

Que. Good heaven how tame you are?
Doe Kings of *France* reward foule Traitors thus?

Kin. No Traitor, y'are too loude, *Chabots* no Traitor,
He has the passions of a man about him,
And multiplicitie of cares may make
Wise men forget themselves, come be you patient.

Qu. Can you be so, and see your selfe thus torne,

Kin. Our selfe.

Qu. There is some left, if yo. dare owne,
Your royall character, is not this your name?

Kin. Tis *Francis* I confesse.

Qu. Be but a name ——
If this staine live upon't, affrontēd, by
Your subject, shall the sacred name of King,
A word to make your nation bow and tremble,
Be thus profain'd, are lawes established
To punish the defacers of your image,
But dully set by the rude hand of others
Vpon your coine, and shall the character
That doth include the blessing of all *France*,
Your name, thus written by your royall hand
Design'd for Justice, and your Kingdomes honour,
Not call up equall anger to reward it?
Your Counsellors of state contemn'd, and slighted
As in this braine more circumscrib'd all wisedome,
And pollicy of Empire, and your power,
Subordinate and subject to his passion.

Kin. Come, it concernes you not.

Qu. Is this the consequence
Of an attonement made so lately betweene

The

The hopefull *Mountmorencie*, and his Lordship
Vrge by your selfe with such a precious sanction;
Come, he that dares doe this, wants not a heart,
But opportunitie.

Kin. To doe what?

Qu. To teare your crowne off.

Kin. Come your language doth taste more
Of rage and womanish flame than solid reason.
Against the Admirall, what commands of yours
Not to your expectation, obeyed
By him, is ground of your so keene displeasure?

Qu. Commands of mine? he is too great, and powerfull
To stoope to my employment, *Louise*,
And can stride from one Province to another
By the assistance of his offices
You have most confidently impos'd upon him,
Tis he, not you take up the peoples eyes
And admiration, whilen his Princely wise

Kin. Nay then I reach the spring of your disdaine,
He has a wife, ——

Enter Chancellor, Treasurer, and Usher with the King.

Qu. Whom for her pride I love not,
And I but in her husbands ruine
Can triumph ore her greatnesse.

King. Well, well, Ile thinke on't.

Exit.

Cha. He beginnes to incline,
Madam you are the soule of our great worke.

Qu. Ile follow, and imploy my powers upon him.

Tre. We are confident you will prevaile at last,
And for the pious worke oblige the King to you.

Cha, And us your humblest creatures.

Que. Presse no further. *Exit. Que.*

Cha. Lets seeke out my Lord Constable.

Tre. And inflame him.

Cha. To expostulate with *Chabot*, something may
Arise from thence, to pull more weight upon him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Father and Allegre.

Fa. How sorts the businesse? how tooke the King

The

The tearing of his bill?

Al. Exceeding well,
And seem'd to smile at all their grimme complaints,
Gainst all that outrage to his highnesse hand,
And said in plaine, he sign'd it but to try
My Lords firme Iustice

Fa. What a sweete King tis?

Al. But how his rivall the Lord Constable
Is labour'd by the Chancellor, and others to retone
His wrong with ten parts more upon my Lord,
Is monstrous?

Fa. Neede hee their spurres?

Al. I Sir, for hees afraid
To beare himselfe too boldly in his braves
Vpon the King (being newly entred Mynion)
Since tis but patience sometime they thinke;
Because the favor spending in two streames,
One must runne low at length, till when he dare
Take fire in such flame, as his faction wishes,
But with wise feare containes himselfe, and so
Like a greene faggot in his kindling smoakes,
And where the Chancellor his chiefe Cyclops findes
The fire within him apt to take, he blowes,
And then the faggot flames, as never more
The bellowes needed, till the too soft greenenesse
Of his state habit, shewes his sappe still flowes,
Above the solid timber, with which, then
His blaze shrinkes head, he cooles, and smoakes agen.

Fa. Good man he would be, wod the had not spoile him.

Al. True sir, but they still ply him with their arts,
And as I heard have wrought him, personally
To question my Lord with all the bitternesse
The galls of all their faction can powre in,
And such an expectation hangs upon't,
Though all the Court as twere with child, and long'd
To make a mirror of my Lords cleare blood,
And therein see the full ebbe of his flood,
And therefore if you please to counsell him

You ſhall performe a fathers part.
Fa. Nay ſince
Hees gone ſo farre, I wod not have him feare
But dare e'm, and yet ile not meddle int.
Enter Admirall.
Hoes here, if he have wit to like his cauſe,
His ſpirit wonot be aſham'd to die int. *Exit.*
Al. My Lord retire, y'are way-laid in your walkes,
Your friendes are all fallen from you, all your ſervants
Suborn'd by all advantage to report
Each word you whiſper out, and to ſerve you
With hat and knee, while other have their hearts.
Adm. Much profit may my foes make of ſuch ſervants,
I love no enemy I have ſo well,
To take ſo ill a bargaine from his hands.
Al. Their other oddes yet ſhun, all being combinde,
And lodg'd in ambuſh ariv'd to doe you miſchiefe
By any meanes paſt feare of law, or ſovereigne.
Adm. I walke no deſart, yet goe arm'd with that,
That would give wildeſt beaſts inſtincts to reſcue,
Rather then offer any force to hurt me;
My innocence is, which is a conquering juſtice,
As weares a ſhield, that both defends and fights.
All. One againſt all the world.
Adm. The more the oddes,
The leſſe the conqueſt, or if all the world
Be thought an army fit to employ gainſt one,
That one is argued fit to fight gainſt all;
If I fall under them, this breaſt ſhall beare
Their heape digeſted in my ſepulchre,
Death is the life of good men, let e'm come.
Enter Conſtable, Chancellor, Treaſurer, Secretary.
Con. I thought my Lord our reconcilement perfect,
You have expreſt what fea of gall flow'd in you,
In tearing of the bill I ſent to allow.
Adm. Dare you confeſſe the ſending of that bill?
Con. Dare, why not?
Adm. Becauſe it breake your oath

Made

Made in our reconcilement, and betrayes
The honour, and the chiefe life of the King
Which is his justice.
Con. Betraies?
Adm. No lesse, and that Ile prove to him.
Omnes You cannot.
Tre. I would not wish you offer at an action
So most impossibly, and much against
The judgement, and favour of the King.
Adm. His judgement nor his favour I respect,
So I preserve his Iustice.
Cha. Tis not Iustice,
Which I'le prove by law, and absolute learning.
Adm. All your great law, and learning are but words,
When I plead plainely, naked truth, and deedes,
Which though you seeke to fray with flare, and glory,
I'le shoote a shaft at all your globe of light,
If lightning split it, yet twas high and right. *Exit.*
Con. Brave resolution so his acts be just,
He cares for gaine not honour.
Chan. How came he then
By all his infinite honour and his gaine?
Tre. Well said, my Lord.
Sec. Answer but onely that.
Con. By doing justice still in all his actions.
Sec But if this action prove unjust, will you
Say all his other may be so as well,
And thinke your owne course fitter farre than his.
Con, I will —— *Exit.*
Cha. He cooles, we must not leave him, we have no
Such engine to remove the Admirall. *Exeunt.*

Enter King and the Admirall.

Kin. I prethee *Philip* be not so severe
To him I favour, tis an argument
That may serve one day to availe your selfe,
Nor Does it square with your so gentle nature,
To give such fires of envie to your bloud;
For howsoever out of love to Iustice,

Your Iealouſie of that doth ſo incenſe you,
Yet they that cenſure it will ſay tis envy.
Adm. I ſerve not you for them, but for your ſelfe,
And that good in your Rule, that Iuſtice does you,
And care not this what others ſay. So you
Pleaſe but to doe me right for what you know.
King. You will not doe your ſelfe right, why ſhould I
Exceede you to your ſelfe?
Adm. My ſelfe am nothing
Compar'd to what I ſeeke, tis juſtice onely
The fount and flood, both of your ſtrength and kingdomes.
King. But who knowes not, that extreame juſtice is
(by all ruld lawes) the extreame of injurie,
And muſt to you be ſo, the perſons that
Your paſſionate heate calls into queſtion
Are great, and many, and may wrong in you
Your rights of kinde, and dignities of fortune,
And I advanc'd you not to heape on you
Honours, and fortunes, that by ſtrong hand now
Held up, and over you, when heaven takes off
That powerfull hand 'ſhould thunder on your head,
And after you cruſh your ſurviving ſeedes.
Adm. Sir, your regards to both are great, and ſacred,
But if the innocence, and right that rais'd me
And meanes for mine, can finde no friend hereafter
Of him that ever lives, and ever ſeconds
All Kings juſt bounties with defence, and refuge
In juſt mens races, let my fabricke ruine,
My ſtocke want ſap, my branches by the roote
Be ſtorme to death, and ſwept with whirlewindes out.
King. For my love no relenting.
Adm. No my leige,
Tis for your love, and right that I ſtand out.
King. Be better yet adviſ'd.
Adm. I cannot Sir
Should any Oracle become my counſell,
For that I ſtand not out, thus of ſet will,
Or pride of any ſingular conceite,

My

My enemies, and the world may clearely know,
I taste no sweetes to drowne in others gall,
And to affect in that which makes me lothed,
To leave my selfe and mine expos'd to all
The dangers you propos'd, my purchas'd honours,
And all my fortunes in an instant lost,
That money, cares, and paines, and yeares have gather'd,
How mad were I to rave thus in my wounds,
Vnlesse my knowne health felt in these forc'd issues
Were sound, and fit, and that I did not know
By most true proofes, that to become sincere
With all mens hates, doth farre exceede their loves,
To be as they are, mixtures of corruption,
And that those envies that I see pursue me
Of all true actions are the naturall consequents
Which being my object, and my resolute choise
Not for my good but yours, I will have justice.

King. You will have justice, is your will so strong
Now against mine? your power being so weake
Before my favour gave them both their forces
Of all that ever shar'd in my free graces,
You *Philip Chabot* a meane Gentleman
Have not I rais'd you to a supremest Lord,
And given you greater dignities than any?

Adm. You have so.

King. Well sed, and to spurre your dullnesse
With the particulars to which I rais'd you,
Have not I made you first a Knight of the Order
Then Admirall of *France*, then *Count Bynangos*,
Lord, and Livetenant generall of all
My country, and command of *Burgady*;
Livetenant generall likewise of my sonne
Daulphine, and heire, and of all *Normandy*,
And of my chiefely honor'd privy Counsell,
And cannot all these powers weigh downe your will?

Adm. No Sir, they were not given me to that end,
But to uphold my will, my will being just.

King. And who shall judge that Justice, you or I?

Adm. I Sir, in this caſe your royall thoughts are fitly
Exempt from every curious ſearch of one,
You have the generall charge with care of all.
Kin. And doe not generalls include particulars?
May not I Iudge of any thing compriz'd
In your particular as well as you?
Adm. Farre be the miſery from you, that you may,
My cares, paines, broken ſleepe therein made more
Than yours ſhould make me ſee more, and my forces
Render of better iudgement.
King. Well Sir, grant
Your force in this my odds in benefits
Paid for your paines, put in the other ſcale,
And any equall holder of the ballance
Will ſhew my merits hoiſt up yours to aire
In rule of any doubt or deed betwixt us.
Adm. You merit not of me for benefits
More than my ſelfe of you for ſervices.
King. Iſt poſſible.
Adm. Tis true.
King. Stand you on that?
Adm. I to the death and will approve to all men.
Kin. I am deceiv'd, but I ſhall finde good Iudges
That will finde difference.
Adm. Finde them being good.
King. Still ſo? what if conferring
My bounties, and your ſervices to found them,
We fall foule on ſome licences of yours,
Nay, give me therein ſome advantage of you.
Adm. They cannot.
King. Not in ſifting their ſevere diſcharges
Of all your offices?
Adm. The more you ſift
The more you ſhall refine mee.
King. What if I,
Grant out againſt you a commiſſion
Ioyn'd with an extraordinary proceſſe
To arreſt, and put you in lawes hands for triall.

Adm.

Adm. Not with lawes uttermoſt.
King. Ile throw the dice.
Adm. And Ile endure the chance,
The dice being ſquare.
Adm. Repos'd in dreadleſſe confidence, and conſcience,
That all your moſt extreames ſhall never reach,
Or to my life, my goodes or honours breach.
King. Was ever heard ſo fine a confidence?
Muſt it not prove preſumption, and can that
Scape brackes and errors in your ſearch of law,
I prethee weigh yet, with more ſoule than danger,
And ſome leſſe paſſion.
Adm. Witneſſe heaven, I cannot.
Were I diſſolv'd, and nothing elſe but ſoule.
King. Be ſhrew my blood, but his reſolves amaze me;
Was ever ſuch a Iuſtice in a ſubject,
Of ſo much office left to his owne ſwinge
That left to law thus, and his Soveraignes wrath,
Could ſtand cleare ſpight of both? let reaſon rule it
Before it come at law, a man ſo rare
In one thing cannot in the reſt be vulgar,
And who ſees you not in the broad high-way
The common duſt up in your owne eyes, beating
In queſt of riches, honours, offices,
As heartily in ſhew as moſt beleeve,
And he that can uſe actions with the vulgar,
Muſt needes embrace the ſame effects & cannot informe him
Whatſoever he pretends, uſe them with ſuch
Free equitie, as fits one juſt and reall,
Even in the eyes of men, nor ſtand at all parts
So truly circular, ſo ſound, and ſolid,
But have his ſwellings out, his crackes and crannies,
And therefore in this reaſon, before law
Take you to her, leaſt you affect and flatter
Your ſelfe with mad opinions.
Adm. I were mad
Directly Sir, if I were yet to know
Not the ſure danger, but the certaine ruine

Of

Of men ſhot into law from Kings bent brow,
There being no dreame from the moſt muddie braine
Vpon the fouleſt fancie, that can forge
More horrour in the ſhaddowes of meere fame,
Then can ſome Lawyer in a man expos'd
To his interpretation by the King,
But theſe grave toyes I ſhall deſpiſe in death,
And while I live will lay them open ſo
(My inocence laid by them) that like foiles
They ſhall ſticke of my merits tenne times more,
And make your bounties nothing, for who gives
And hits ith teeth, himſelfe payes with the glory
For which he gave, as being his end of giving,
Not to crowne merits, or doe any good,
And ſo no thankes is due but to his glory.

King. Tis brave I ſweare.

Adm. No Sir, tis plaine, and rude
But true, and ſpotleſſe, and where you object
My hearty, and groſſe vulgar love of riches,
Titles, and honours, I did never ſeeke them
For any love to them, but to that juſtice
You ought to uſe in their due gift to merits,
To ſhew you royall, and moſt open handed,
Not uſing for hands talons, pincers, grapples;
In whoſe gripes, and upon whoſe gord point,
Deſerts hang ſprawling out their vertuous limbs,

King. Better and better.

Adm. This your glory is
My deſerts wrought upon no wretched matter,
But ſhew'd your royall palmes as free, and moiſt,
As *Ida*, all enchaſt with ſilver ſprings,
And yet my merit ſtill their equall ſings.

King. Sing till thou ſigh thy ſoule out hence, and leave us.

Adm. My perſon ſhall, my love and faith ſhall never.

King. Periſh thy love, and faith, and thee for ever;
Whoſe there?

Enter Aſall.

Let one goe for the Chancellor.

Aſa.

Asa. He's here in Court Sir.
King. Haste and send him hither,
This is an insolence I never met with,
Can one so high as his degrees ascend,
Clime all so free, and without staine?
My Lord *Enter Chancellor.*
Chancellor, I send for you about a service
Of equall price to me, as if againe
My ransome came to me from *Pavian* thraldome,
And more, as if from forth a subjects fetters,
The worst of servitudes my life were rescued.
Cha. You fright me with a Prologue of much trouble.
King. Me thinkes it might be, tell me out of all
Your famous learning, was there ever subject
Rais'd by his Soveraignes free hand from the dust,
Vp to a height above Ayres upper region,
That might compare with him in any merit
That so advanc'd him? and not shew in that
Grosse over-weening worthy cause to thinke
There might be other over-sights excepted
Of capitall nature in his sifted greatnesse.
Chan. And past question Sir, for one absurd thing granted,
A thousand follow.
King. You must then employ
Your most exact, and curious art to explorē
A man in place of greatest trust, and charge,
Whom I suspect to have abus'd them all,
And in whom you may give such proud veines vent,
As will bewray their boyling bloud corrupted
Both gainst my crowne and life.
Cha. And may my life
Be curst in every act,
If I explore him not to every finer.
King. It is my Admirall.
Cha. Oh my good Leige
You tempt, not charge me with such search of him.
King. Doubt not my heartiest meaning, all the troubles
That ever mov'd in a distracted King,

Put in juſt feare of his aſſaulted life
Are not above my ſufferings for *Chabot*.
Cha. Then I am glad, and proud that I can cure you,
For he's a man that I am ſtudied in,
And all his offices, and if you pleaſe
To give authoritie.
King. You ſhall not want it.
Cha. If I diſcharge you not of that diſeaſe,
About your necke growne, by your ſtrange truſt in him,
With full diſcovery of the fouleſt treaſons.
King. But I muſt have all prov'd with that free juſtice.
Cha. Beſeech your Majeſtie doe not queſtion it.
King. About it inſtantly, and take me wholly
Vpon your ſelfe.
Cha. How much you grace your ſervant?
King. Let it be fiery quicke.
Cha. It ſhall have wings,
And every feather ſhew the flight of Kings.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Chancellor attended, the Proctor generall whiſpering in his eare. Two Iudges following. They paſt.

Enter Chabot in his gowne, a gaurd about him, his father and his wife on each ſide, Allegre.

Adm. AND have they put my faithfull ſervant to the (racke,
Heaven arme the honeſt man.
Fa. Allegre feeles the malice of the Chancellor.
Adm. Many upon the torture have confeſt
Things againſt truth, and yet his paine ſits neerer
Than all my other feares, come don't weepe.
Wife. My Lord, I doe not grive out of a thought,
Or poore ſuſpition, they with all their malice
Can ſtaine your honour, but it troubles me,
The King ſhould grant this licence to your enemies,
As he were willing to heare *Chabot* guilty.

Adm.

Adm. No more, the King is juſt, and by expoſing me
To this triall, meanes to render me
More happy to his ſubjects, and himſelfe
His ſacred will be obey'd, take thy owne ſpirit,
And let no thought infringe thy peace for me,
I goe to have my honours all confirm'd;
Farewell thy lip, my cauſe has ſo much innocence,
It ſhanot neede thy prayer, I leave her yours
Till my returne; oh let me be a ſonne
Still in your thoughts, now Gentlemen ſet forward. *Exit.*

Manente Father and Wife.

Fa. See you that truſt in greatneſſe, what ſuſtaines you,
Theſe hazards you muſt looke for, you that thruſt
Your heads into a cloud, where lie in ambuſh
The ſouldiers of ſtate in privy armes
Of yellow fire jealous, and mad at all
That ſhoote their foreheads up into their forges,
And pry into their gloomy Cabbinets;
You like vaine Citizens that muſt goe ſee
Thoſe ever burning furnaces, wherein
Your brittle glaſſes of eſtate are blowne;
Who knowes not you are all but puffe, and bubble
Of breath, and fume forg'd, your vile brittle natures
Cauſe of your deareneſſe? were you tough and laſting,
You would be cheape, and not worth halfe your face,
Now daughter Plannet ſtrooke.

Wif. I am conſidering
What forme I ſhall put on, as beſt agreeing
With my Lords fortune.

Fa. Habit doe you meane,
Of minde or body?

Wif. Both wod be apparell'd.

Fa. In neither you have reaſon yet to mourne.

Wif. Ile not accuſe my heart of ſo much weakeneſſe,
Twere a confeſſion gainſt my Lord. The Queene!

Enter Queene, Conſtable, Treaſurer, Secretary.

She has expreſt 'gainſt me ſome diſpleaſure.

Fa. Lets this way through the Gallery.

Qu. Tis ſhe,
Doe you my Lord ſay I wod ſpeake with her?
And has *Allegre*, one of chiefeſt truſt with him
Suffered the racke? the Chancellor is violent;
And whats confeſt?
Tre. Nothing, he contemn'd all
That could with any cruelſt paine explore him,
As if his minde had rob'd his nerves of ſence,
And through them diffus'd fiery ſpirits above
All fleſh and blood; for as his limbs were ſtretch'd,
His contempts too extended.
Qu. A ſtrange fortitude!
Tre. But we ſhall loſe th' arraignement.
Qu. The ſucceſſe
Will ſoone arrive.
Tre. Youle not appeare, my Lord then?
Con. I deſire
Your Lordſhip wod excuſe me.
Tre. We are your ſervants. *Exiunt. Tre. & Sec.*
Con. She attends you Madam.
Qu. This humbleneſſe proceedes not from your heart,
Why, you are a Queene your ſelfe in your owne thoughts,
The Admiralls wife of *France* cannot be leſſe,
You have not ſtate enough, you ſhold not move
Without a traine of friends and ſervants.
Wif. There is ſome myſtery
Within your language Madam, I woud hope
You have more charitie than to imagine
My preſent condition worth your triumph,
In which I am not ſo loſt, but I have
Some friends and ſervants with proportion
To my Lords fortune, but none within the liſt
Of thoſe that obey mee can be more ready
To expreſſe their duties, than my heart to ſerve
Your juſt commands.
Qu. Then pride will ebbe I ſee,
There is no conſtant flood of ſtate, and greatneſſe,
The prodigie is ceaſing when your Lord

Comes

Comes to the ballance, hee whose blazing fires,
Shot wonders through the Kingdome, will discover
What flying and corrupted matter fed him.

Wif. My Lord?

Qu. Your high and mighty Justicer,
The man of conscience, the Oracle
Of State, whose honorable titles
Would cracke an Elephants backe, is now turn'd mortall,
Must passe examination, and the test
Of Law, have all his offices rip'd up,
And his corrupt soule laid open to the subjects,
His bribes, oppressions, and close sinnes that made
So many grone, and curse him, now shall finde
Their just reward, and all that love their country,
Blesse heaven, and the Kings Iustice, for removing
Such a devouring monster.

Fa. Sir your pardon
Madam you are the Queene, shē is my daughter,
And he that you have character'd so monstrous,
My sonne in Law, now gon to be arraign'd,
The King is just, and a good man, but't does not
Adde to the graces of your royall person
To tread upon a Lady thus dejected
By her owne griefe, her Lord's not yet found guilty,
Much lesse condemn'd, though you have pleas'd to execute (him.

Qu. What sawcy fellow's this?

Fa. I must confesse
I am a man out of this element
No Courtier, yet I am a gentleman
That dare speake honest truth to the Queenes eare,
(A duty every subject wonot pay you)
And justifie it to all the world, there's nothing
Doth more ecclipse the honours of our soule,
Than an ill grounded, and ill followed passion,
Let flie with noise, and license against those:
Whose hearts before are bleeding.

Con. Brave old man.

Fa. Cause you are a Queene to trample ore a woman,

Whose tongue and faculties are all tied up,
Strike out a Lyons teeth, and pare his clawes,
And then a dwarfe may plucke him by the beard,
Tis a gay victory.

Qu. Did you heare my Lord?

Fa. I ha done.

Wif. And it concernes me to beginne,
I have not made this pause through servile feare
Or guiltie apprehension of your rage,
But with just wonder of the heates, and wildnesse
Has prepossest your nature gainst our innocence,
You are my Queene, unto that title bowes
The humblest knee in *France*, my heart made lower
With my obedience, and prostrate duty,
Nor have I powers created for my use,
When just commands of you expect their service;
But were you Queene of all the world, or something
To be thought greater, betwixt heaven and us
That I could reach you with my eyes and voyce,
I would shoote both up in defence of my
Abused honour, and stand all your lightning.

Qu. So brave.

Wif. So just and boldly innocent,
I cannot feare arm'd with a noble conscience
The tempest of your frowne, were it more frightfull
Then every fury made a womans anger,
Prepar'd to kill with deaths most horrid ceremony,
Yet with what freedome of my soule I can
Forgive your accusation of my pride.

Qu. Forgive? what insolence is like this language?
Can any action of ours be capable
Of thy forgivenesse? dust! how I dispise thee?
Can we sinne to be object of thy mercie?

Wif. Yes, and have dont already, and no staine
To your greatnesse Madam, tis my charity
I can remit, when soveraigne Princes dare
Doe injury to those that live beneath them,
They turne worth pitty, and their prayers, and tis

In

In the free power of thoſe whom they oppreſſe
To pardon e'm, each ſoule has a prerogative,
And priviledge royall that was ſign'd by heaven,
But though ith knowledge of my diſpoſition
Stranger to pride, and what you charge me with,
I can forgive the injuſtice done to me,
And ſtriking at my perſon, I have no
Commiſſion from my Lord to cleere you for
The wrongs you have done him, and ſtill he pardon
The wounding of his loyaltie, with which life
Can hold no ballance, I muſt talke juſt boldneſſe
To ſay ——

Fa No more, now I muſt tell you daughter
Leaſt you forget your ſelfe, ſhe is the Queene,
And it becomes not you to vie with her
Paſſion for paſſion, if your Lord ſtand faſt
To the full ſearch of Law, Heaven will revenge him,
And give him up precious to good mens loves
If you attempt by theſe unruly wayes
To vindicate his juſtice, Ime againſt you,
Deere as I wiſh your husbands life and fame,
Suffer are bound to ſuffer, not conteſt
With Princes, ſince their Will and Acts muſt be
Accounted one day to a Judge ſupreme.

Wif. I ha done, if the devotion to my Lord,
Or pietie to his innocence have led me
Beyond the awfull limits to be obſerv'd
By one ſo much beneath your ſacred perſon,
I thus low crave your royall pardon Madam;
I know you will remember in your goodneſſe,
My life blood is concern'd while his leaſt veine
Shall runne blacke and polluted, my heart fed
With what keepes him alive, nor can there be
A greater wound than that which ſtrikes the life
Of our good name, ſo much above the bleeding
Of this rude pile wee carry, as the ſoule
Hath excellence above this earth-borne frailty:
My Lord, by the Kings will is lead already

To a ſevere arraignēment, and to Iudges,
Will make no tender ſearch into his tract
Of life and ſtate, ſtay but a little while,
And *France* ſhall eccho to his ſhame or innocēcē,
This ſuit I begge with teares, I ſhall have ſorrow
Enough to heare him cenſur'd foule and monſtrous,
Should you forbeare to antidate my ſufferings.
Qu. Your conſcience comes about, and you incline
To feare he may be worth the lawes condemning.
Wif. I ſooner will ſuſpect the ſtarres may loſe
Their way, and criſtall heaven returne to Chaos;
Truth ſits not on her ſquare more firme than he;
Yet let me tell you Madam, were his life
And action ſo foule as you have character'd,
And the bad world expects, though as a wife
Twere duty I ſhould weepe my ſelfe to death,
To know him falne from vertue, yet ſo much
I a fraile woman love my King and Country,
Ishould condemne him too, and thinke all honours
The price of his loſt faith more fatall to me,
Than *Cleopatra's* aſpes warme in my boſome,
And as much boaſt their killing.
Qu. This declares
Another ſoule than was deliver'd me,
My anger melts, and I beginne to pitty her,
How much a Princes eare may be abus'd?
Enjoy your happie confidence, at more leaſure
You may heare from us.
Wif. Heaven preſerve the Queene,
And may her heart be charitable.
Fa. You bleſſe and honour your unworthy ſervant.
Qu. My Lord, did you obſerve this?
Con. Yes great Madam,
And read a noble ſpirit, which becomes
The wife of *Chabot*, their great tie of marriage
Is not more ſtrong upon em, than their vertues.
Qu. That your opinion? I thought your judgement
Againſt the Admirall, doe you thinke him honeſt?

Con.

Con. Religiously, a true, most zealous Patriot,
And worth all royall favour.

Qu. You amaze me,
Can you be just your selfe then, and advance
Your powers against him?

Con. Such a will be farre
From *Montmorancie*, Pioners of state
Have left no art to gaine me to their faction,
And tis my misery to be plac'd in such
A sphere where I am whirl'd by violence
Of a fierce raging motion, and not what
My owne will would encline me. I shall make
This appeare Madam, if you please to second
My free speech with the King.

Qu. Good heaven protect all,
Haste to the King, Iustice her swift wing needes,
Tis high time to be good, when vertue bleedes.

Exeunt.

Enter Officers before the Chancellor, Iudges, the Proctor generall, whispering with the Chancellor, they take their places.

To them

Enter Treasurer and Secretary who take their places prepared on one side of the Court.

To them

The Captaine of the Guard, the Admirall following, who is plac'd at the barre.

Cha. Good Mr. Proctor generall begin.

Pro, It is not unknowne to you my very good Lords the Iudges, and indeed to all the world, for I will make short worke, since your honourable eares neede not to be enlarged, I speake by a figure with prolixe ennumeration how infinitly the King hath favoured this ill favoured Traitor; and yet I may worthily too insist and prove that no grace hath beene so large and voluminous, as this, that he hath appointed such upright Iudges at this time, and the chiefe of this Triumvirie, our Chancellor by name *Poyet*, which deriveth from the Greeke his Etymology from *Poyeni*, which is to make, to create, to invent matter that was never extant in nature, from

whence alſo is the name and dignitie of *Poeta*, which I will not inſiſt upon, in this place, although I am confident his Lordſhippe wanteth no facultie in making of Verſes: but what addition I ſay is it to the honour of this Delinquent, that he hath ſuch a Iudge, a man ſo learned, ſo full of equity, ſo noble, ſo notable in the progreſſe of his life, ſo innocent, in the manage of his office ſo incorrupt; in the paſſages of State ſo wiſe, in affection to his country ſo religious, in all his ſervices to the King ſo fortunate, and exploring, as envie it ſelfe cannot accuſe, or malice vitiate, whom all lippes will open to commend, but thoſe of *Philip*; and in their hearts will erect Altars, and Statues, Columnes, and Obeliſkes, Pillars and Pyramids, to the perpetuitie of his name and memory. What ſhall I ſay? but conclude for his ſo great and ſacred ſervice, both to our King and Kingdome, and for their everlaſting benefit, there may everlaſtingly be left here one of his loynes, one of his loynes ever remaine I ſay, and ſtay upon this Bench, to bethe example of all Iuſtice, even while the North and South Starre ſhall continue.

Cha. You expreſſe your Oratory Mr. Proctor,
I ray come preſen.ly to the matter.

Pro. Thus with your Lordſhips pardon, I proceede, and the firſt thing I ſhall glance at, will be worth your Lordſhips reflection, his ingratitude, and to whom? to no leſſe perſon than a King, and to what King, his owne, and our generall Soveraigne *Proh deum atque hominum fidem*; a King, and ſuch a King, the health, life, and ſoule of us all, whoſe very mention drawes this ſalt water from my eyes; for hee indeede is our eye, who wakes and watches for us when we ſleepe, and who will not ſleep: for him, I meane not ſleepe, which the Philoſophers call, a naturall ceſſation of the common and conſequently of all the exterior ſences, cauſed firſt and immediatly by a detenſion of ſpirits, which can have no communication, ſince the way is obſtructed, by which theſe ſpirits ſhould commearce, by vapours aſcending from the ſtomacke to the head, by which evaporation the rootes of the nerves are filled, through which the annuall ſpirits, to be powred into the dwellings of the externall ſences; but ſleepe

I take for death, which all know to be *Ultima linea*, who will not sleepe eternally for such a King as wee enjoy? If therefore in generall as hee is King of us all, all sharing and dividing the benefits of this our Soveraigne, none should be so ingratefull as once to murmure against him, what shall be said of the ingratitude more monstrous in this *Chabot*, for our *Francis* hath loved, not in generall & in the croud with other subjects, but particularly this *Philip* advanc'd him to the supreme dignitie of a Statlman, lodg'd him in his very heart, yet *Monstrum horrendum*; even to this *Francis* hath *Philip* beene ingratefull. *Brutus* the loved sonne hath stabbed *Cæsar* with a Bodkin: Oh what brute may be compared to him? and in what particulars may this crime be exemplified; hee hath, as wee say, chopt Logicke with the King, nay to the very teeth of his Soveraigne advance his owne Gnat-like merits, and justified with *Luciferous* pride, that his services have deserved more than all the bounty of our Munificent King hath paid him.

Cha. Observe that my Lords.

Pro. Nay he hath gone further, and most traiterously hath committed outrage and impiety to the Kings owne hand, and royall character, which presented to him in a bill from the whole counsell, hee most violently did teare in peeces, and will doe the very body and person of your King, if our Justice make no timely prevention, and strike out the Serpentine teeth of ths high and more than horrible monster.

Tr. This was enforced home.

Pro. In the next place I will relate to your honours his most cruell exactions upon the subject, the old vantcurriers of rebellions. In the yeare 25. 6. and 37. This oppressour, and this extortioner, under pretext of his due taxation, being Admirall impos'd upon certaine Fishermen, (observe I beseech you the circumstance of their persons, Fishermen) who poore *Johns* were embarqued upon the coast of *Normandy*, and fishing there for Herrings (which some say is the king of Fishes) he impos'd I say twenty *souse*, and upon every boate sixe *livers*, oh intollerable exaction! enough not onely to alienate the hearts of these miserable people from their King, which *Ipso facto* is high treason, but an occasion of a greater inconveni-

ence, for want of due proviſion of fiſh among the ſubjects, for by this might enſue a neceſſitie of mortall ſins, by breaking the religious faſt upon Vigils, Embers, and other dayes commanded by ſacred authority, beſides the miſerable rut that would follow, and perhaps contagion, when feaſting and fleſh ſhould be licenced for every carnall appetite. —— I could urge many more particulars of his dangerous inſatiate and boundleſſe Avarice, but the improvement of his eſtate in ſo few yeares, from a private Gentlemans fortune, to a great Dukes revenewes, might ſave our ſoveraigne therein an Orator to enforce and prove faulty even to gyantiſme againſt heaven.

Iudg. This is but a noiſe of words.

Pro. To the foule outrages ſo violent, let us adde his Commiſſions granted out of his owne preſum'd authoritie, his Majeſtie neither infround or reſpected his diſloyalties, infidelities, contempts, oppreſſions, extortions, with innumerable abuſes, offences, and forfeits, both to his Majeſties moſt royall perſon, crowne, and dignitie, yet notwithſtanding all theſe injuſtices, this unmatchable, unjuſt delinquent affecteth to be thought inculpable, and incomparable juſt; but alas my moſt learned Lord, none knowes better than your ſelves, how eaſie the ſinceritie of Iuſtice is pretended, how hard it is to be performed, and how common it is for him that hath leaſt colour of title to it, to be thought the very ſubſtance and ſoule of it, he that was never true ſcholler in the leaſt degree, longs as a woman with child to be great with ſcholler ſhe that was never with child longs *Omnibus vijs & modis* to be got with child, and will weare a cuſhion to ſeeme with child, and hee that was never juſt, will fly in the Kings face to be counted juſt, though for all he be nothing, but juſt, a Traytor.

Sec. The Admirall ſmiles.

Iud. Anſwer your ſelfe my Lord.

Adm. I ſhall, and briefely,
The furious eloquence of my accuſer hath
Branch'd my offences hainous to the King,
And then his ſubject, a moſt vaſt indictment,
That to the King I have juſtified my merit,
And ſervices; which conſcience of that truth,

That

That gave my actions life when they are queſtioned,
I ought to urge agen, and doe without
The leaſt part of injuſtice; for the Bill
A foule, and moſt unjuſt one, and prefer'd
Gainſt the Kings honour, and his ſubjects priviledge,
And with a policie to betray my office,
And faith to both, I doe confeſſe I tore it,
It being preſt immodeſtly, but without
A thought of diſobedience to his name,
To whoſe mention I bow, with humble reverence,
And dare appeale to the Kings knowledge of me,
How farre I am in ſoule from ſuch a rebell,
For the reſt my Lord, and you my honour'd Iudges,
Since all this mountaine all this time in labour
With more than mortall fury gainſt my life,
Hath brought forth nought but ſome ridiculous vermine,
I will not wrong my right, and innocence,
With any ſerious plea in my reply,
To fruſtrate breath, and fight with terrible ſhaddow
That have beene forg'd, and forc'd againſt my ſtate,
But leave all, with my life to your free cenſures;
Onely beſeeching all your learned judgements
Equall and pious conſcience to weigh.

Pro. And how this great and mighty fortune hath exalted him to pride is apparant, not onely in his braves and bearings to the King, the fountaine of all this increaſe, but in his contempt and ſcorne of the ſubject, his vaſt expences in buildings, his private bounties, above royall to ſouldiers and ſchollers, that he may be the Generall and Patron, and protector of armes and arts; the number of domeſticke attendants, an army of Graſhoppers and gay Butterflies able to devoure the Spring; his glorious wardrobes, his ſtable of horſes that are prick'd with provender, and will enforce us to weede up our Vineyards to ſow Oates for ſupply of their proviſion, his caroches ſhining with gold, and more bright than the chariot of the Sunne, wearing out the pavements; nay, he is of late ſo tranſcendently proud, that men muſt be his Mules, and carry him up and downe as it were in a Proceſſion for men to gaze

at him till their chines crackes with the weight of his insupportable pride, and who knowes but this may prove a fashion? But who grones for this? the subject, who murmure, and are ready to beginne a rebellion, but the tumultuous saylers, and water-rats, who runne up and downe the citie, like an overbearing tempest, cursing the Admirall, who in duty ought to undoe himself for the generall satisfaction of his countrymen.

Adm. The varietie, and wonder now presented
To your most noble notice, and the worlds,
That all my life and actions, and offices,
Explor'd with all the hundred eyes of Law
Lighted with lightning, shot out of the wrath
Of an incenst, and commanding King,
And blowne with foes, with farre more bitter windes,
Then Winter from his Easterne cave exhailes,
Yeh nothing found, but what you all have heard,
And then consider if a peere of State,
Should be expos'd to such a wild arraignement
For poore complaints, his fame, faith, life, and honours
Rackt for no more.

Cha. No more? good heaven, what say
My learned assistants.

1 *In.* My Lord, the crimes urg'd here for us to censure
As capitall, and worth this high arraignement
To me seeme strange, because they doe not fall
In force of Law, to arraigne a Peere of State,
For all that Law can take into her power
To sentence, is the exaction of the Fishermen.

2 *In.* Here is no majesty violated, I consent to what my Brother has expreſt.

Cha. Breake then in wonder,
My frighted words out of their forming powers,
That you no more collect, from all these forfeits
That Mr. Proctor generall hath opened,
With so apparant, and impulsive learning,
Against the rage and madnesse of the offender,
And violate Majestie (my learned assistants)
When Majesties affronted and defied,

It being compar'd with? and in such an onset
As leap'd into his throate? his life affrighting?
Be justified in all insolence, all subjects
If this be so considered, and insult
Vpon your priviledg'd malice, is not Majestie
Poyson'd in this wonder! and no felony set
Where royaltie is rob'd, and
Fie how it fights with Law, and grates upon
Her braine and soule, and all the powers of Reason,
Reporter of the processe, shew the sedule.

No. Here my good Lord.

1. No altering it in us.

2. Farre be it from us Sir.

Cha. Heres silken Iustice,
It might be altered, mend your sentences.

Both. Not wee my Lord.

Cha. Not you? The King shall know
You slight a duty to his will, and safety,
Give me your pen, it must be capitall.

1. Make what you please my Lord, our doome shall stand.

Cha. Thus I subscribe, now at your perills follow.

Both. Perills my Lord? threates in the Kings free justice?

Tre. I am amaz'd they can be so remisse.

Sec. Mercifull men, pittifull Iudges certaine.

1. Subscribe, it matters nothing being constrain'd
On this side, and on this side, this capitall I,
Both which together put, import plaine *Vi*;
And witnesse we are forc'd.

2. Enough,
It will acquit us when we make it knowne,
Our names are forc'd.

Cha. If traiterous pride
Vpon the royall person of a King
Were sentenc'd unfelloniously before,
Ile burne my Bookes and be a Iudge no more.

Both. Here are our hands subscrib'd.

Cha. Why so, it joyes me,
You have reform'd your justice and your judgement,

Now

Now have you done like Iudges and learned Lawyers,
The King shall thanke, and honour you for this.
Notary read.

No. We by his sacred Majestie appointed
Iudges, upon due triall, and examination
Of *Philip Chabot* Admirall of *France*
Declare him guiltie of high treasons, &c.

Cha. Now Captaine of the gaurd, secure his person,
Till the King signifie
His pleasure for his death, this day is happy
To *France*, thus reskued from the vile devourer.

A shoute within.

Harke how the votes applaud their blest deliverance,
You that so late did right and conscience boast,
Heavens mercy now implore, the Kings is lost. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter King, Queene, and Constable.

Kin. YOu raise my thoughts to wonder, that you Madam,
And you my Lord, unite your force to pleade
Ith' Admiralls behalfe, this is not that
Language you did expresse, when the torne Bill
Was late pretended to us, it was then
Defiance to our high prerogative,
The act of him whose proud heart would rebell
And arm'd with faction, too soone attempt
To teare my crowne off.

Qu. I was ignorant
Then of his worth, and heard but the report
Of his accusers, and his enemies,
Who never mention in his character
Shadowes of any vertue in those men,
They would depresse like Crowes, and carrion birds,
They fly ore flowrie Meades, cleare Springs, faire Gardens,
And stoope at carcasses; for your owne honour

Pitty

Pitty poore *Chabot*,

King. Poore and a Coloſſus?
What could ſo lately ſtraddle ore a Province,
Can he be fallen ſo low, and miſerable,
To want my pitty, who breakes forth like day,
Takes up all peoples eyes, and admiration?
It cannot be, he hath a Princely wife too.

Qu. I interpoſe not often Sir, or preſſe you
With unbecomming importunitie,
To ſerve the profitable ends of others
Conſcience, and duty to your ſelfe inforce
My preſent mediation, you have given
The health of your owne ſtate away, unleſſe
Wiſedome in time recover him.

King. If he proove
No adulterate gold, triall confirmes his value.

Qu. Although it hold in mettle gracious Sir,
Such fiery examination, and the furnace
May waſt a heart thats faithfull, and together
With that you call the *feces*, ſomething of
The precious ſubſtance may be hazarded.

King. Why, you are the chiefe engine rais'd againſt him,
And in the worlds Creede labour moſt to ſinke him,
That in his fall, and abſence every beame
May ſhine on you, and onely guild your fortune,
Your difference is the ground of his arraignement,
Nor were we unſollicited by you,
To have your bill confirm'd, from that that ſpring
Came all theſe mighty and impetuous waves,
With which he now muſt wraſtle, if the ſtrength
Of his owne innocence can breake the ſtorme,
Truth wonot loſe her ſervant, her wings cover him,
He muſt obey his fate.

Con. I would not have
It lie upon my fame, that I ſhould be
Mentioned in Story his unjuſt ſupplanter
For your whole Kingdome, I have beene abuſed,
And made beleeve my ſuite was juſt and neceſſary,

My walkes have not beene ſafe, my cloſet prayers,
But ſome plot has purſued me, by ſome great ones
Againſt your noble Admirall, they have frighted
My fancy into my dreames with their cloſe whiſpers,
How to uncement your affections,
And render him the fable, and the ſcorne
Of *France*.

Qu. Brave *Montmorancie*.

King. Are you ſerious.

Con. Have I a ſoule? or gratitude, to acknowledge
My ſelfe your creature; dignified and honor'd
By your high favours with an equall truth,
I muſt declare the juſtice of your Admirall
(In what my thoughts are conſcious) and will rather
Give up my claime to birth, title, and offices,
Be throwne from your warme ſmile, the top and crowne
Of ſubjects happineſſe, then be brib'd with all
Their glories to the guilt of *Chabots* ruine.

King. Come, come, you over act this paſſion,
And if it be not pollicie it taſts
Too greene, and wants ſome counſell to mature it,
His fall prepares your triumph.

Con. It confirmes
My ſhame alive, and buried will corrupt
My very duſt, make our houſe-genious grone,
And fright the honeſt marble from my aſhes:
His fall prepare my triumph? turne me firſt
A naked exile to the world.

King. No more,
Take heede you baniſh not your ſelfe, be wiſe,
And let not too much zeale devoure your reaſon.

Enter Aſall.

Aſ. Your Admirall
Is condemn'd Sir?

King. Ha? ſtrange! no matter,
Leave us, a great man I ſee may be
As ſoone diſpatch'd, as a common ſubject.

Qu. No mercy then for *Chabot*.

Enter

Enter Wife and Father.

Wif. From whence came
That ſound of *Chabot*? then we are all undone:
Oh doe not heare the Queene, ſhe is no friend
To my poore Lord, but made againſt his life,
Which hath too many enemies already.
Con. Poore ſoule, ſhee thinkes the Queene is ſtill againſt him,
Who employeth all her powers to preſerve him.
Fa. Say you ſo my Lord? daughter the Queen's our friend.
Wif. Why doe you mocke my ſorrow! can you flatter
Your owne griefe ſo, be juſt, and heare me ſir,
And doe not ſacrifice a ſubjects blood
To appeaſe a wrathfull Queene, let mercy ſhine
Vpon your brow, and heaven will pay it backe
Vpon your ſoule, be deafe to all her prayers.
King. Poore heart, ſhe knowes not what ſhe has deſir'd.
Wif. I begge my *Chabots* life, my ſorrowes yet
Have not deſtroid my reaſon.
King. He is in the power of my Lawes, not mine.
Wif. Then you have no power,
And are but the emptie ſhadow of a King,
To whom is it reſign'd? where ſhall I begge
The forfeit life of one condemn'd by Lawes
To partiall doome?
King. You heare he is condemn'd then?
Fa. My ſonne is condemn'd ſir.
King. You know for what too.
Fa. What the Iudges pleaſe to call it,
But they have given't a name, Treaſon they ſay.
Qu. I muſt not be denied.
King. I muſt deny you.
Wif. Be bleſt for ever for't.
Qu. Grant then to her.
King. *Chabot* condemn'd by law?
Fa. But you have power
To change the rigor, in your breaſt there is
A Chancellor above it, I nere had
A ſuite before, but my knees joyne with hers

To implorē your royall mercy to her Lord,
And take his cauſe to your examination,
It cannot wrong your Iudges, if they have
Beene ſteer'd by conſcience.
Con. It will fame your Iuſtice.
King. I cannot be preſcrib'd, you kneele in vaine,
You labour to betray me with your teares
To a treaſon above his, gainſt my owne Lawes,
Looke to the Lady ——— *Exeunt.*

Enter Aſall.

Aſ. Sir the Chancellor.
King. Admit him, leave us all.

Enter Chancellor.

How now my Lord?
You have loſt no time, and how thriue the proceedings.
Cha. Twas fit my gracious Soveraigne, time ſhould leave
His motion made in all affaires beſide,
And ſpend his wings onely in ſpeed of this.
King. You have ſhew'd diligence, and whats becomē
Of our moſt curious Iuſticer, the Admirall?
Cha. Condemn'd ſir utterly, and all hands ſet
To his conviction.
King. And for faults moſt foule?
Cha. More than moſt impious, but the applauſive iſſue
Strooke by the concourſe of your raviſh'd ſubjects
For joy of your free Iuſtice, if there were
No other cauſe to aſſure the ſentence juſt
Were proofe convincing.
King. Now then he ſees clearely
That men perceive how vaine his Iuſtice was,
And ſcorne him for the fooliſh net he wore
To hide his nakedneſſe; iſt not a wonder
That mens ambitions ſhould ſo blinde their reaſon
To affect ſhapes of honeſty, and take pride
Rather in ſeeming, then in being juſt.
Cha. Seeming has better fortune to attend it
Then being ſound at heart, and vertuous.
King. Profeſſe all? nothing doe, like thoſe that live

By

By looking to the Lamps of holy Temples,
Who ſtill are buſie taking off their ſnuffes,
But for their profit ſake will adde no oyle;
So theſe will checke and ſentence every fame,
The blaze of riotous blood doth caſt in others,
And in themſelves leave the fume moſt offenſive,
But he to doe this? more deceives my judgement
Than all the reſt whoſe nature I have ſounded.

Cha. I know Sir, and have prov'd it.

King. Well my Lord
To omit circumſtance, I highly thanke you
For this late ſervice you have done me here,
Which is ſo great and meritorious
That with my ableſt power I ſcarce can quit you.

Cha. Your ſole acceptance (my dread ſoveraigne)
I more rejoyce in, than in all the fortunes
That ever chanc'd me, but when may it pleaſe
Your Highneſſe to order the execution?
The haſte thus farre hath ſpar'd no pinions.

King. No my Lord, your care
Hath therein much deſerv'd.

Cha. But where proportion
Is kept toth' end in things, at ſtart ſo happy
That end ſet on the crowne.

King. Ile ſpeede it therefore.

Cha. Your thoughts direct it, they are wing'd. *Exit.*

King. I joy this boldneſſe is condemn'd, that I may pardon,
And therein get ſome ground in his opinion
By ſo much bounty as ſaves his life,
And me thinks that weigh'd more, ſhould ſway the ballance
Twixt me and him, held by his owne free Iuſtice,
For I could never finde him obſtinate
In any minde he held, when once he ſaw
Th'error with which he laboured, and ſince now
He needs muſt feele it, had mit no doubt,
But that his alteration will beget
Another ſence of things twixt him and me;
Whoſe there? *Enter Aſſall.*

Goe to the Captaine of my guard, and will him
To attend his condemn'd priſoner to me inſtantly.
Aſ. I ſhall ſir. *Enter Treaſurer & Secretary.*
King. My Lords, you were ſpectators of our Admirall.
Tre. And hearers too of his moſt juſt conviction,
In which we witneſt over-weight enough
In your great bounties, and as they there were weigh'd
With all the feathers of his boaſted merits.
King. Has felt a ſcorching triall, and the teſt
(That holds fires utmoſt force) we muſt give mettalls
That will not with the hammer, and the melting
Confeſſe their truth, and this ſame ſence of feeling
(Being ground to all the ſences) hath one key
More than the reſt to let in through them all
The mindes true apprehenſion, that thence takes
Her firſt convey'd intelligence. I long
To ſee this man of confidence agen:
How thinke you Lords, will *Chabot* looke on mee,
Now ſpoild of the integrity, he boaſted?
Sec. It were too much honour to vouchſafe your ſight.
Tr. No doubt my Leigh, but he that hath offended
In ſuch a height againſt your crowne and perſon,
Will want no impudence to looke upon you.
Enter Aſall, Captaine, Admirall.
Cap. Sir, I had charge given me by this Gentleman
To bring your condemn'd priſoner to your preſence.
King, You have done well, and tell the Queene, and our
Lord Conſtable we deſire their preſence, bid
Our Admiralls Lady, and her father too
Attend us here, they are but new withdrawne.
Aſ. I ſhall ſir!
Tre. Doe you obſerve this confidence?
He ſtands as all his triall were a dreame.
Sec. Hele finde the horrour waking, the King's troubled;
Now for a thunder-clap: the Queene and Conſtable.
Enter Queene, Conſtable, Wife and Father.
Tr. I doe not like their mixture.
King, My Lord Admirall,

You

You made it your desire to have this triall
That late hath past upon you;
And now you feele how vaine is too much faith
And flattery of your selfe, as if your brest
Were proofe gainst all invasion, tis so slight
You see it lets in death, whats past, hath beene
To satisfie your insolence, there remaines
That now we serve our owne free pleasure, therefore
By that most absolute power, with which all right
Puts in my hands, these issues turnes, and changes,
I here in eare of all these, pardon all
Your faults and forfeits, whatsoever sensur'd,
Againe advancing, and establishing
Your person in all fulnesse of that state
That ever you enjoy'd before th' attainder.

Tre. Wonderfull, pardon'd!

Wif. Heaven preserve the King.

Qu. Who for this will deserve all time to honour him.

Con. And live Kings best example.

Fa. Sonne yare pardon'd,
Be sure you looke hereafter well about you.

Adm. Vouchsafe great Sir to assure me what you said,
You nam'd my pardon.

King. And agen declare it,
For all crimes past, of what nature soever.

Adm. You cannot pardon me Sir.

King. How's that *Philip*?

Adm. It is a word carries too much relation
To an offence, of which I am not guilty,
And I must still be bold where truth still armes,
In spight of all those frownes that would deject me
To say I neede no pardon.

King. Ha, howes this?

Fa. Hees mad with over-joy, and answers nonsence.

King. Why, tell me *Chabot*, are not you condemn'd?

Adm. Yes, and that justifies me much the more,
For whatsoever false report hath brought you,
I was condemn'd for nothing that could reach

To

To prejudice my life, my goods or honour,
As first in firmeneſſe of my conſcience,
I confidently told you, not alas
Preſuming on your ſlender thred of favour,
Or pride of fortunate and courtly boldneſſe,
But what my faith and juſtice bade me truſt too,
For none of all your learned aſſiſtant Judges,
With all the malice of my crimes could urge,
Or felony or hurt of ſacred power.

King. Doe any heare this, but my ſelfe? My Lords,
This man ſtill juſtifies his innocence,
What prodigies are theſe? have not our Lawes
Paſt on his actions, have not equall Iudges
Certified his arraignement, and him guilty
Of capitall Treaſon? and yet doe I heare
Chabot accuſe all theſe, and quit himſelfe.

Tr. It does appeare diſtraction ſir.

King. Did we
Seeme ſo indulgent to propoſe our free
And royall pardon without ſuite or prayer,
To meete with his contempt?

Sec. Vnhear'd of impudence!

Ad. I were malicious to my ſelfe, and deſperate
To force untruths upon my ſoule, and when
Tis cleare, to confeſſe a ſhame to exerciſe
Your pardon ſir, were I ſo foule and monſtrous
As I am given to you, you would commit
A ſinne next mine, by wronging your owne mercy
To let me draw out impious breath, it will
Releaſe your wonder, if you give command
To ſee your proceſſe, and if it prove other
Than I preſume to informe, teare me in peeces.

King. Goe for the Proceſſe, and the Chancellor,
With the aſſiſtant Iudges. I thanke heaven *Exit Aſ.*
That with all theſe inforcements of diſtraction
My reaſon ſtayes ſo c'eare to heare, and anſwer,
And to direct a meſſage. This inverſion
Of all the loyalties, and true deſerts

That

That I beleev'd I govern'd with, till now
In my choice Lawyers, and chiefe Counsellors
Is able to shake all my frame of reason.
Adm. I am much griv'd.
King. No more, I doe incline
To thinke I am abus'd, my Lawes betrai'd
And wrested to the purpose of my Judges.
This confidence in *Chabot* turnes my judgement,
This was too wilde a way to make his merits
Stoope and acknowledge my superior bounties,
That it doth raise, and fixe e'm past my art,
To shadow all the shame and forfeits mine.
Enter Asall, Chancellor, Iudges.
As. The Chancellor and Judges Sir.
Tre. I like not
This passion in the King, the Queene and Constable
Are of that side.
King. My Lord, you dare appeare then?
Cha. Dare Sir, I hope.
King. Well done, hope still, and tell me,
Is not this man condemn'd?
Cha. Strange question Sir,
The processe will declare it, sign'd with all
These my assistant brothers reverend hands
To his conviction in a publike triall.
King. You said for foule and monstrous facts prov'd by him
Cha. The very words are there sir.
King. But the deedes
I looke for sir, name me but one thats monstrous?
Cha. His foule comparisons, and affronts of you,
To me seem'd monstrous.
King. I told you them sir,
Nor were they any that your so vast knowledge,
Being a man studied in him, could produce
And prove as cleare as heaven, you warranted
To make appeare such treasons in the Admirall,
As never all Lawes, Volumes yet had sentenc'd,
And *France* should looke on, having scap'd with wonder

What in this nature hath beene cleerely prov'd
In his arraignement.
1. Nothing that we heard
In ſlendrſt touch urg'd by your Advocate.
King. Dare you affirme this too?
2. Moſt confidently.
King. No baſe corruptions charg'd upon him.
1. None ſir.
Tr. This argues *Chabot* has corrupted him.
Sec. I doe not like this.
1. The ſumme of all
Was urg'd to prove your Admirall corrupt,
Was an exaction of his officers,
Of twenty *ſouſe* taken from the Fiſhermen
For every boate, and that fiſh'd the *Normand* coaſt.
King. And was this all
The mountaines, and the marvells promiſt me,
To be in cleere prooſe made againſt the life
Of our ſo hated Admirall.
Iud. All ſir,
Vpon our lives and conſciences.
Cha. I am blaſted.
King. How durſt you then ſubſcribe to his conviction.
1. For threats by my Lord Chancellor on the Bench,
Affirming that your Majeſtie would have it
Made capitall treaſon, or account us traitors.
2. Yet ſir, we did put to our names with this
Interpoſition of a note in ſecret
In theſe two letters *V*, and *I*, to ſhew
Wee were enforc'd to what we did, which then
In Law is nothing.
Fa. How doe you feele your Lordſhip.
Did you not finde ſome ſtuffing in your head,
Your braine ſhould have beene purg'd.
Cha. I fall to peeces,
Would they had rotted on the Bench.
King. And ſo you ſav'd the peace of that high Court.
Which otherwiſe his impious rage had broken,
But thus am I by his malicious arts

A parly rendred, and moſt tyrannous ſpurre
To all the open courſe of his baſe envies,
A forcer of my Iudges, and a thirſt
Of my nobilities blood, and all by one,
I truſted to make cleere my love of Iuſtice.
Cha. I beſeech your Majeſtie, let all my zeale
To ſerve your vertues, with a ſacred value
Made of your royall ſtate, to which each leaſt
But ſhade of violence in any ſubject
Doth provoke certaine death.
King. Death on thy name
And memory for ever, one command
Our Advocate attend us preſently.
Aſ. He waites here.
King. But ſingle death ſhall not excuſe, thy skinne
Torne ore thine eares, and what elſe can be inflicted,
If thy life with the ſame ſeverity
Diſſected cannot ſtand ſo many fires.
Sec. Tre. Be merciſull great Sir.
King. Yet more amaze?
Is there a knee in all the world beſide
That any humane conſcience can let bow
For him, yare traitors all that pitty him.
Tr. This is no time to move.
King. Yet twas my fault
To truſt this wretch, whom I knew fierce and proud
With formes of tongue and learning, what a priſoner
Is pride of the whole flood of man? for as
A humane ſeede is ſaid to be a mixture
And faire contemperature extracted from
All our beſt faculties, ſo the ſeede of all
Mans ſenſuall frailty, may be ſaid to abide,
And have their confluence in onely pride,
It ſtupifies mans reaſon ſo, and dulls
True ſence of any thing, but what may fall
In his owne glory, quenches all the ſpirits
That light a man to honour and true goodneſſe.
Aſ. Your Advocate. *Enter Advocate.*

King. Come hither.
Adv. My most gracious Soveraigne.
Adm. Madam you infinitely oblige our duty.
Qu. I was too long ignorant of your worth my Lord,
And this sweete Ladies vertue.
Wif. Both your servants.
Adm. I never had a feare of the Kings Iustice,
And yet I Know not what creepes ore my heart,
And leaves an ice beneath it, my Lord Chancellor,
You have my forgivenesse, but implore heavens pardon
For wrongs to equall justice, you shall want
No charitie of mine to mediate
To the King for you.
Cha. Horrour of my soule
Confounds my gratitude.
Con. To me now most welcome.
Adv. It was my allegiance sir, I did enforce,
But by directions of your Chancellor,
It was my office to advance your cause
Gainst all the world, which when I leave to execute,
Flea me, and turne me out a most raw Advocate.
King. You see my Chancellor.
Adv. He has an ill looke with him.
King. It shall be your province now, on our behalfe
To urge what can in justice be against him,
His riot on our Lawes, and corrupt actions
Will giwe you scope and field enough.
Adv. And I
Will play my law prize, never feare it sir,
He shall be guilty of what you please, I am studied
In him sir, I will squeeze his villanies,
And urge his acts so whom into his bowells,
The force of it shall make him hang himselfe,
And save the Lawes a labour.
King. Iudges, for all
The poisonous outrage, that this viper spilt
On all my royall freedome and my Empire,
As making all but servants to his malice,

I will have you reuise the late arraignement,
And for those worthy reasons, that already
Affect you for my Admiralls acquitall
Employ your justice on this Chancellor, away with him,
Arrest him Captaine of my guard to answer
All that due course of Law against him can
Charge both his Acts and life.

Cap. I doe arrest thee

Poyet Lord Chancellor in his Highnesse name,
To answer all that equall course of Law
Can charge thy acts and life with.

Cha. I Obey.

King. How false a heart corruption has, how base
Without true worth are all these earth-bred glories?
Oh blessed justice, by which all things stand,
That stills the thunder, and makes lightning sinke
Twixt earth and heaven amaz'd, and cannot strike,
Being prov'd so now in wonder of this man,
The object of mens hate, and heavens bright love;
And as in cloudy dayes, we see the Sunne
Glide over turrets, temples, richest fields,
All those left darke, and slighted in his way,
And on the wretched plight of some poore shed,
Powres all the glories of his golden head;
So heavenly vertue, on this envied Lord,
Points all his graces, that I may dinstinguish
Him better from the world.

Tre. You doe him right.

King. But away Iudges, and pursue the arraignement
Of this polluted Chancellor with that swiftnesse,
His fury wing'd against my Admirall,
And be you all, that sate on him compurgators
Of me against this false Iudge.

Iud. We are so.

King. Be you two joyn'd in the commission,
And nothing urg'd but justly, of me learning
This one more lesson out of the events
Of these affaires now past, that whatsoever

Chargē or Commiſſion Iudges have from us,
They ever make their ayme ingenuous Iuſtice,
Not partiall for reward, or ſwelling favour,
To which if your King ſteere you, ſpare to obey;
For when his troubled blood is cleere, and calme,
He will repent that he purſued his rage,
Before his pious Law, and hold that Iudge
Vnworthy of his place, that lets his cenſure
Flote in the waves of an imagin'd favour,
This ſhipwracks in the haven, and but wounds
Their conſciences that ſooth the ſoone et b'd humours
Of their incenſed King.

Con. Tre. Royall and ſacred.

King. Come *Philip*, ſhine thy honour now for ever,
For this ſhort temporall eccliſe it ſuffer'd
By th' interpos'd deſire I had to try thee,
Nor let the thought of what is paſt affict thee,
For my unkindneſſe, live ſtill circled here,
The bright intelligence of our royall ſpheere. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Queene, Conſtable, Father.

Qu. THe Admirall ſicke?

Fa. With danger at the heart,
I camē to tell the King.

Con. He never had
More reaſon in his ſoule, to entertaine
All the delights of health.

Fa. I feare my Lord,
Some apprehenſion of the Kings unkindneſſe,
By giving up his perſon, and his offices
To the Lawes gripe and ſearch, is ground of his
Sad change, the greateſt ſoules are thus oft wounded,
If he vouchſafe his preſence, it may quicken
His faſt decaying ſpirits, and prevent

The hasty ebbe of life.
Qu. The King is now
Fraught with the joy of his fresh preservation,
The newes so violent, let into his eare,
May have some dangerous effect in him,
I wod not counsell sir to that.
Fa. With greater reason
I may suspect they'le spread my Lord, and as
A river left his curl'd and impetuous waves
Over the bankes, by confluence of streames
That fill and swell her channell, for by this time
He has the addition of *Allegres* suffering,
His honest servant, whom I met though feeble
And worne with torture, going to congratulate
His Masters safetie.
Qu. It seemes he much
Affected that *Allegre*.
Con. There will be
But a sad interview and dialogue.
Qu. Does he keepe his bed?
Fa. In that alone
He shewes a fortitude, he will move, and walke
He sayes while his owne strength or others can
Support him, wishing he might stand and looke
His destiny in the face at the last summon,
Not sluggishly exhaile his soule in bed,
With indulgence, and nice flattery of his limbs.
Qu. Can he in this shew spirit, and want force
To wrastle with a thought?
Fa. Oh Madam, Madam,
We may have proofe against the sword, and tyranny
Of boysterous warre that threatens us, but when
Kings froune, a Cannon mounted in each eye,
Shoote death to apprehension, ere their fire
And force approach us. *Enter King.*
Con. Here's the King.
Qu. No words
To interrupt his quiet.

Fa. Ile begon then.

King. Our Admiralls father! call him backe.

Qu. I wonot ſtay to heare e'm. *Exit.*

Con. Sir, be prudent,
And doe not for your ſonne fright the Kings health. *Exit.*

King. What, ha they left us? how does my Admirall?

Fa. I am forbid to tell you ſir.

King. By whom.

Fa. The Queene and my Lord Conſtable.

King. Are there
Remaining ſeedes of faction? have they ſoules
Not yet convinc'd ith truth of *Chabots* honour,
Cleare as the chriſtall heaven, and bove the reach
Of imitation.

Fa. Tis their care of you,
And no thought prejudiciall to my ſonne.

King. Their care of me?
How can the knowledge of my Admiralls ſtate
Concerne their feares of me, I ſee their envie
Of *Chabots* happineſſe, whoſe joy to be
Rendr'd ſo pure and genuine to the world
Doth grate upon their conſcience and affright 'em;
But let 'em vexe, and bid my *Chabot* ſtill
Exalt his heart, and triumph, he ſhall have
The acceſſe of ours, the kingdome ſhall put on
Such joyes for him as ſhe would boſt to celebrate
Her owne eſcape from ruine.

Fa. He is not in ſtate to heare my ſad newes
I perceive.

King. That countenance is not right, it does not anſwer
What I expect,
Say, how is my Admirall?
The truth upon thy life.

Fa. To ſecure his, I would you had.

King Ha? Who durſt oppoſe him?

Fa. One that hath power enough hath practiſed on him
And made his great heart ſtoope.

King. I will revenge it

With

With crushing, crushing that rebellious power to nothing,
Name him.

Fa. He was his friend.

King. A friend to malice, his owne blacke impostume
Burne his blood up, what mischiefe hath ingendred
New stormes?

Fa. Tis the old tempest.

King. Did not we
Appease all horrors that look'd wilde upon him?

Fa. You drest his wounds I must confesse, but made
No cure, they bleede a fresh, pardon me sir,
Although your conscience have clos'd too soone,
He is in danger, and doth want new surgerie
Though he be right in fame, and your opinion,
He thinkes you were unkinde.

King. Alas poore *Chabot*,
Doth that afflict him.

Fa. So much, though he strive
With most resolv'd and Adamantine nerves,
As ever humane fire in flesh and blood,
Forg'd for example, to beare all, so killing
The arrowes that you shot were (still your pardon)
No Centaures blood could rancle so.

King. If this
Be all, ile cure him, Kings retaine
More Balsome in their soule then hurt in anger.

Fa. Farre short sir, with one breath they uncreate,
And Kings with onely words more wounds can make
Then all their kingdome made in balme can heale,
Tis dangerous to play to wilde a descant
On numerous vertue, though it become Princes
To assure their adventures made in every thing,
Goodnesse confin'd within poore flesh and blood,
Hath but a queazie and still sickly state,
A musicall hand should onely play on her
Fluent as ayre, yet every touch command.

King. No more,
Commend us to the Admirall, and say,

The King will visite him, and bring health.

Fa. I will not doubt that blessing, and shall move
Nimbly with this command. *Exeunt.*

Enter Officers before, Treasurer, Secretary, and Iudges, attended by Petitioners, the Advocate also with many papers in his hand, they take their places.

The Chancellor with a guard, and plac'd at the Barre.

Tre. Did you beleeve the Chancellor had beene
So foule?

Sec. Hee's lost toth' people, what contempts
They throw upon him? but we most be wise.

1 *Iud.* Were there no other guilt, his malice shew'd
Vpon the Admirall, in orebearing justice,
Would well deserve a sentence.

Tre. And a deepe one.

2 *Iud.* If please your Lordships to remember that
Was specially commended by the King,
As being most blemish to his royall person,
And the free justice of his state.

Tre. Already
He has confest upon his examinations
Enough for sentence, yet to obey forme ——
Mr. Advocate if you please ——

Adv. I am ready for your Lordships: It hath beene said, and will be said agen, and may truely be justified, *Omnia ex lite fieri.* It was the position of Philosophers, and now proved by a more Philosophyall sect, the Lawyers, that *Omnia ex lite fiant*, we are all made by Law, made I say, and worthily if we be just, if we be unjust, marr'd, though in marring some, there is necessitie of making others, for if one fall by the Law, tenne to one but another is exalted by the execution of the Law, since the corruption of one must conclude the generation of another, though not alwayes in the same profession; the corruption of an Apothecary, may be the generation of a Doctor of Physicke; the corruption of a Citizen may beget a Courtier, & a Courtier may very well beget an Alderman, the corruption of an Alderman may be the generation of a Country Iustice, whose corrupt ignorance easily may beget a tumult,

a tu-

a tumult may beget a Captaine, and the corruption of a Captaine may beget a Gentleman-Vsher, and a Gentleman-Vsher may beget a Lord, whose wit may beget a Poet, and a Poet may get a thousand pound a yeare, but nothing without corruption.

Tre. Good Mr. Advocate be pleased to leavē all digressions, and speake of the Chancellor.

Adv. Your Lordship doth very seasonably premonish, and I shall not neede to leave my subject corruption, while I discourse of him, who is the very seme and stigian abisse of it, five thousand and odde hundred foule and impious corruptions, for I will be briefe; have beene found by severall examinations, and by oathes prov'd against this odious and polluted Chancelor, a man of so tainted, and contagious a life, that it is a miracle any man enjoyeth his nostrills, that hath lived within the sent of his offices; he was borne with teeth in his head, by an affidavit of his Midwife, to note his devouring, and hath one toe on his left foote crooked, and in the forme of an Eagles talon, to foretell his rapacitie: What shall I say? branded, mark'd, and design'd in his birth for shame and obloquie, which appeareth further by a mole under his right eare, with only three Witches haires int, strange and ominous predictions of nature.

Tre. You have acquainted your selfe but vēry lately
With this intelligence, for as I remember
Your tongue was guilty of no such character,
When hee sat Iudge upon the Admirall,
A pious incorrupt man, a faithfull and fortunate
Servant to his King, and one of the greatest
Honours that ever the Admirall received, was
That he had so noble and just a Iudge, this must
Imply a strange volubilitie in your tongue, or
Conscience, I speake not to discountenance any
Evidence for the King, but to put you in minde,
Mr. Advocate that you had then a better opinion
Of my Lord Chancellor.

Adv. Your Lordship hath most aptly interpos'd, and with a word I shall easily satisfie all your judgements; He was then

a Judge, and in *Cathedra*, in which he could not erre; it may be your Lordſhips caſes, out of the chaire and ſeate of Iuſtice, he hath his frailties, is loos'ed and expos'd to the conditions of other humane natures; ſo every Iudge, your Lordſhips are not ignorant, hath a kinde of priviledge while he is in his ſtate, office and being, and although hee may *quoad ſe*, internally and privately be guilty of bribery of Iuſtice, yet *quoad nos*, and in publike he is an upright and innocent Iudge, we are to take no notice, nay, we deſerved to ſuffer, if wee ſhould detect or ſtaine him; for in that we diſparage the Office, which is the Kings, and may be our owne, but once remov'd from his place by juſt diſhonour of the King, he is no more a Iudge but a common perſon, whom the law takes hold on, and wee are then to forget what hee hath beene, and without partialitie to ſtrip and lay him open to the world, a counterfeit and corrupt Iudge, as for example, hee may and ought to flouriſh in his greatneſſe, and breake any mans necke, with as much facilitie as a jeaſt, but the caſe being altered, and hee downe, every ſubject ſhall be heard, a Wolfe may be appareld in a Lambskinne; and if every man ſhould be afraid to ſpeake truth, nay and more than truth, if the good of the ſubject which are clients ſometime require it, there would be no remove of Officers, if no remove no motions, if no motion in Court no heate, and by conſequence but cold Termes; take away this moving, this removing of Iudges, the Law may bury it ſelfe in Buckram, and the kingdome ſuffer for want of a due execution; and now I hope your Lordſhips are ſatisfied.

Tre. Moſt learnedly concluded to acquit your ſelfe.

1 *Iud.* Mr. Advocate, pleaſe you to urge for ſatisfaction
Of the world, and clearing the Kings honour, how
Injuſtly he proceeded againſt the Admirall.

Adv. I ſhall obey your Lordſhip——— So vaſt, ſo infinite hath beene the impudence of this Chancellor, not onely toward the ſubject, but even the ſacred perſon of the King, that I tremble as with a Palſie to remember it. This man, or rather this monſter, having power and commiſſion truſted for the examination of the Lord Admirall, a man perfect in all honour and juſtice; indeede the very ornament and ſecond

flower

flower of *France*, for the *Flower de lis*, is sacred and above all flowers, and indeede the best flower in our garden. Having used all wayes to circumvent his innocence by suborning and promising rewards to his betrayers, by compelling others by the cruelty of tortures, as namely Mounsieur *Allegre* a most honest and faithfull servant to his Lord, teating and extending his sinewes upon the racke to force a confession to his purpose, and finding nothing prevaile upon the invincible vertue of the Admirall.

Sec. How he would flatter him?

Adv. Yet most maliciously proceeded to arraigne him; to be short against all colour of Iustice condemn'd him of high treasons; oh thinke what the life of man is, that can never be recompenced; but the life of a just man, a man that is the vigour and glory of our life and nation to be torne to death, and sacrifis'd beyond the mallice of common persecution. What Tiger of *Hercanian* breede could have beene so cruell? but this is not all? he was not guilty onely of murder, guilty I may say *In foro cõsctienie*, though our good Admirall was miraculously preserv'd, but unto this he added a most prodigious & fearefull rape, a rape even upon Iustice it self, the very soule of our state, for the rest of the Iudges upon the Bench, venerable images of *Austria*, he most tyranously compel'd to set their hands to his most unjust sentence; did ever story remember the like outrage and injustice; what forfeit, what penalty can be enough to satisfie this transcendent offence? and yet my good Lords, this is but veniall to the sacriledge which now followes, and by him committed, not content with this sentence, not satisfied with horrid violence upon the sacred Tribunall, but hee proceedes and blasphemes the very name and honour of the King himselfe, observe that, making him the author and impulsive cause of all these rapines, justifying that he mov'd onely by his speciall command to the death, nay the murder of his most faithfull subject, translating all his owne blacke and damnable guilt upon the Kings heires, a traytor to his Country, first, he conspires the death of one whom the King loves, and whom every subject ought to honour, and thenmakes it no conscience to proclaime it the Kings act, & by consequence declares him a

murderer of his owne, and of his best subjects.

Within An Advocate, an Advocate, teare him in peeces,
Teare the Chancellor in peeces. (*Iustice.*

Tre. The people have deepe sence of the Chancellors in-

Sec. We must be carefull to prevent their mutiny.

1 *Iud.* It will become our wisedomes to secure the court
And prisoner.

Tre. Captaine of the guard.

2. What can you say for your selfe Lord Chancellor.

Cha. Againe, I confesse all, and humbly fly to
The royall mercy of the King.

Tre. And this submission is the way to purchase it.

Cha. Heare me great Iudges, if you have not lost
For my sake all your charities, I beseech you,
Let the King know my heart is full of penitence,
Calme his high-going sea, or in that tempest
I ruine to eternitie, oh my Lords,
Consider your owne places, and the helmes
You sit at, while with all your providence
You steere, looke forth and see devouring quicksands,
My ambition now is punish'd, and my pride
Of state and greatnesse falling into nothing,
I that had never time through vast employments
To thinke of heaven, feele his revengefull wrath,
Boyling my blood, and scorching up my entrills,
There doomesday is my conscience blacke and horrid,
For my abuse of Iustice, but no stings
Prickt with that terrour as the wounds I made
Vpon the pious Admirall, some good man
Beare my repentance thither, he is mercifull,
And may encline the King to stay his lightning
Which threatens my confusion, that my free
Resigne of title, office, and what else
My pride look'd at, would buy my poore lives safety,
For ever banish me the court, and let
Me waste my life farre off in some Village.

Adv. How? Did your Lordships note his request to you,
he would direct your sentence to punish him with confining
him

him to liue in the country, like the Mouſe in the Fable, that having offended to deſerue death, beg'd he might be baniſhed into a Parmiſan. I hope your Lordſhips will be more juſt to the nature of his offences.

Sec. I could have wiſh'd him fall on ſofter ground
For his good parts.

Tre. My Lord, this is your ſentence for you high miſdemeanours againſt his Majeſties Iudges, for your unjuſt ſentence of the moſt equall Lord Admirall, for many and foule corruptions and abuſe of your office, and that infinite ſtaine of the Kings perſon, and honour, we in his Majeſties name, deprive you of your eſtate of Chancellor, & declare you uncapeable of any judiciall office, & beſides condemne you in the ſum of two hundred thouſand crownes; whereof one hundred thouſand to the King, and one hundred thouſand to the Lord Admirall, and what remaineth of your eſtate to goe to the reſtitution of thoſe you haue injur'd, and to ſuffer perpetuall impriſonment in the Caſtle, ſo take him to your cuſtody. Your Lordſhips haue beene mercifull in his ſentence. *Exit.*

They haue ſpar'd my life then, that ſome cure may bring,
I ſpend it in my prayers for the King. *Exeunt.*

Enter Admirall in his Gowne and Cap, his Wife.

Adm. *Allegre* I am glad he hath ſo much ſtrength,
I prethee let me ſee him.

Wif. It will but
Enlarge a paſſion ——— my Lord hee'le come
Another time and tender you his ſervice.

Adm. Nay then ———

Wif. Although I like it not, I muſt obey. *Exit.*

Enter Allegre ſupported.

Adm. Welcome my injur'd ſervant, what a miſery
Ha they made on thee?

Al. Though ſome change appeare
Vpon my body, whoſe ſevere affliction
Hath brought it thus to be ſuſtained by others,
My hurt is ſtill the ſame in faith to you,
Not broken with their rage.

Adm. Alas poore man!

Were

Were all my joyes eſſentiall, and ſo mighty
As the affected world beleeves I taſte,
This object were enough to unſweeten all,
Though in thy abſence I had ſuffering,
And felt within me a ſtrong ſympathy,
While for my ſake their cruelty did vexe,
And fright thy nerves with horrour of thy ſence,
Yet in this ſpectacle I apprehend
More griefe than all my imagination
Could let before into me; didſt not curſe me
Vpon the torture?

Al. Good my Lord, let not
The thought of what I ſuffer'd dwell upon
Your memory, they could not puniſh more
Then what my duty did oblige to beare
For you and Iuſtice, but theres ſome thing in
Your lookes, preſents more feare than all the mallice
Of my tormentors could affect my ſoule with,
That paleneſſe, and the other formes you weare,
Would well become a guilty Admirall, and one
Loſt to his hopes and honour, not the man
Vpon whoſe life the fury of unjuſtice
Arm'd with fierce lightning, and the power of thunder,
Can make no breach, I was not rack'd till now,
Theres more death in that falling eye, than all
Rage ever yet brought forth, what accident ſir can blaſt,
Can be ſo blacke and fatall to diſtract
The calme? the triumph that ſhould ſit upon
Your noble brow, misfortune could have no
Time to conſpire with fate, ſince you were reſcued
By the great arme of providence, nor can
Thoſe garlands that now grow about your forehead
With all the poyſon of the world be blaſted.

Adm. Allegre, thou doſt beare thy wounds upon thee,
In wide and ſpacious characters, but in
The volumne of my ſadneſſe thou doſt want
An eye to reade an open force, hath torne
Thy manly ſinewes which ſometime may cure

The engine is not ſeene that wounds thy Maſter,
Paſt all the remedy of art or time,
The flatteries of Court, of fame or honours,
Thus in the Sommer a tall flouriſhing tree,
Tranſplanted by ſtrong hand, with all her leaves
And blooming pride upon her makes a ſhew
Of Spring, tempting the eye with wanton bloſſome,
But not the Sunne with all her amorous ſmiles,
The dewes of mornings, or the teares of night,
Can roote her fibers in the earth agen,
Or make her boſome kinde, to growth and bearing,
But the tree withers, and thoſe very beames
That once were naturall warmth to her ſoft verdure
Dry up her ſap and ſhoote a feaver through
The barke and rinde, till ſhe becomes a burthen
To that which gave her life: ſo *Chabot*, *Chabot*,

Al. Wonder in apprehenſion, I muſt
Suſpect your health indeede.

Adm. No no, thou ſhanot
Be troubled, I but ſtirr'd thee with a morrall,
Thats empty containes nothing, I am well,
See I can walke poore man, thou haſt not ſtrength yet.

Al. What accident is ground of this diſtraction?

Enter Admirall.

Adm. Thou haſt not heard yet whats become oth' Chancel-
Al. Not yet my Lord. (lor?

Adm, Poore gentleman, when I thinke
Vpon the King. I've balme enough to cure
A thouſand wounds, have I not *Allegre*?
Was ever bountious mercy read in ſtory,
Like his upon my life, condemn'd for ſacrifice
By Law, and ſnatch'd out of the flame unlooked for,
And unpetitioned? but his juſtice then
That wod not ſpare whom his owne love made great,
But give me up to the moſt cruell teſt
Of Iudges, for ſome boldneſſe in defence
Of my owne merits, and my honeſt faith to him
Was rare, paſt example.

Enter Father.

Fa. Sir, the King
Is comming hither.
Al. It will
Become my duty sir to leavē you now.
Adm. Stay by all meanes *Allegre*, 'tsha ll concernē you,
I'me infinitely honor'd in his presence.

Enter King, Queene, Constable, and Wife.

King. Madam be comforted, Ile be his Phisitian.
Wif. Pray heaven you may.
King. No ceremoniall knees,
Give me thy heart, my deare, my honest *Chabot*,
And yet in vaine I chalenge that tis here
Already in my owne, and shall be cherish'd
With care of my best life, violence
Shall ravish it from my possession,
Not those distempers that infirme my blood
And spirits shall betray it to a feare,
When time and nature joyne to dispossesse
My body of a cold and languishing breath,
No stroake in all my arteries, but silence
In every faculty, yet dissect me then,
And in my heart the world shall read thee living,
And by the vertue of thy name write there,
That part of me shall never puttifie,
When I am lost in all my other dust.
Adm. You too much honour your poore servant sir,
My heart dispares so rich a monument;
But when it dies——
King. I wonot heare a sound
Of any thing that trenched upon death,
He speakes the funerall of my crowne that propheſies
So unkinde a fate, weele live and die together,
And by that duty which hath taught you hitherto,
All loyall and just services I charge thee,
Preservē thy heart for me and thy reward,
Which now shall crowne thy merits.
Adm. I have found

A glorious harveſt in your favour ſir,
And by this overflow of royall grace,
All my deſerts are ſhadowes and flie from mee,
I have not in the wealth of my deſires,
Enough to pay you now, yet you encourage me
To make one ſuite.

King. So ſoone as nam'd poſſeſſe it.

Adm. You would be pleas'd take notice of this Gentleman,
A Secretary of mine.

Con. Mounſieur *Allegre*,
He that was rack'd ſir for your Admirall.

Adm. His limbs want ſtrength to tender their full duty,
An honeſt man that ſuffers for my ſake.

King. He ſhall be deare to us, for what has paſt ſir
By the unjuſtice of our Chancellors power,
Weele ſtudy to recompence, ith' meane time that office
You exercis'd for *Chabot* we tranſlate
To our ſelfe, you ſhall be our Secretary.

Al. This is
An honour above my weake deſert, and ſhall
Oblige the ſervice of my life to ſatisfie it.

Adm. You are gracious, and in this act have put
All our complaints to ſilence, you *Allegre*,

Enter Treſuror, Secretary.

Cheriſh your health, and feeble limbs which cannot
Without much prejudice be thus employ'd;
All my beſt wiſhes with thee.

Al. All my prayers
Are duties to your Lordſhip——— *Exit.*

King. Tis too little,
Can forfeit of his place, wealth, and a laſting
Impriſonment purge his offences to
Our honeſt Admirall, had our perſon beene
Exempted from his mallice, he did perſecute
The life of *Chabot* with an equall wrath,
You ſhould have powr'd death on his treacherous head,
I revoke all your ſentences, and make
Him that was wrong'd full Maſter of his deſtiny,

Be thou his judge.
Adm. O farre be such injustice,
I know his doome is heavie, and I begge
Where mercy may be let into his sentence
For my sake you would soften it, I have
Glory enough to be set right in yours,
And my deare countries thought, and by an act
With such apparent notice to the world.
King. Expresse it in some joy then.
Adm. I will strive
To shew that pious gratitude to you but——
King. But what
Adm. My frame hath lately sit beene tane a peeces,
And but now put together, the least force
Of mirth will shake and unjoynt all my reason,
Your patience royall sir.
King. Ile have no patience,
If thou forget the courage of a man.
Adm. My strength would flatter me.
King. Phisitians,
Now I begin to feare his apprehension,
Why how is *Chabots* spirit falne?
Qu. I were best
He were convei'd to his bed.
Wif. How soone turn'd widdow.
Adm. Who would not wish to live to serve your goodnes.
Stand from me, you betray me with your feares,
The plummets may fall off that hang upon
My heart, they were but thoughts at first, or if
They weigh me downe to death, let not my eyes
Close with another object then the King,
Let him be last I looke on.
King. I would not have him lost for my whole Kingdome.
Con. He may recover sir.
King. I see it fall,
For Iustice being the proppe of every Kingdome
And mine broke, violating him that was
The knot and contract of it all in him,
It already falling in my care,

Pompey

Pompey could heare it thunder, when the Senate
And Capitoll were deafe, ſo heavens loud chiding,
Ile have another ſentence for my Chancellor,
Vnleſſe my *Chabot* live,
In a Prince
What a ſwift executioner is a frowne,
Eſpecially of great and noble ſoules;
How is it with my *Philip?*
Adm. I muſt begge
One other boone.
King. Vpon condition
My *Chabot* will collect his ſcatter'd ſpirits,
And be himſelfe agen, he ſhall divide
My Kingdome with me.
Fa. Sweete King.
Adm. I obſerve
A fierce and killing wrath engendred in you;
For my ſake, as you wiſh me ſtrength to ſerve you,
Forgive your Chancellor, let not the ſtory
Of *Philip Chabot* read hereafter draw
A teare from any family, I beſeech
Your royall mercy on his life, and free
Remiſſion of all ſeaſure upon his ſtate,
I have no comfort elſe.
King. Endeavour
But thy owne health, and pronounce generall pardon
To all through *France.*
Adm. Sir I muſt kneele to thanke you,
It is not ſeal'd elſe, your bleſt hand live happy,
May all you truſt have no leſſe faith then *Chabot,*
Oh.
Wif. His heart is broken.
Fa. And kneeling ſir,
As his ambition were in death to ſhew
The truth of his obedience.
Con. I feard this iſſue.
Tre. Hees paſt hope.
King. He has a victory ins death, this world

Deserv'd him not, how soone he was translated
To glorious eternitie, tis too late
To fright the ayre with words, my teares embalme him.
Wif. What can become of me?
Qu. Ile be your husband Madam, and with care
Supply your childrens father, to your father
Ile be a sonne, in what our love or power
Can serve his friends, *Chabot* shall nere be wanting,
The greatest losse is mine, past scale or recompence,
We will proceede no further gainst the Chancellor,
To the charitie of our Admirall he owes
His life which ever banish'd to a prison,
Shall not beget in us, or in the subject
New feares of his injustice, for his fortunes
Great and acquir'd corruptly, tis our will
They make just restitution for all wrongs
That shall within a yeare be prov'd against him;
O *Chabot* that shall boast as many monuments
As there be hearts in *France*, which as they grow,
Shall with more love enshrine thee, Kings they say,
Die not, or starve succession, oh why
Should that stand firm:, and Kings themselves despaire,
To finde their subject still in the next heire.

Exeunt.

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